NEW YORK CLIPPER.

VOL. I.—No. 4. NEW YORK, MAY 21, 1853. PRICE 2 CENTS.

KATY DARLING.

Oh! they tell me thou art dead, Katy Darling,
That thy smile I may never more behold;
Did they tell thee I was false, Katy Darling,
Or my love for thee had e'er grown cold?
Oh! they know not the loving
Of the hearts of Erin's sons,
When a love like to thine, Katy Darling,
Is the goal to the race that he runs.

Oh! hear me, sweet Katy,
For the wild flowers greet me, Katy Darling,
And the love-birds are singing on each tree—
Wilt thou never more hear me, Katy Darling;
Behold, love, I'm waiting for thee.

I'm kneeling by thy grave, Katy Darling,
This world is all a blank world to me;
Oh! could'st thou hear my wailing, Katy Darling,
Or think, love, I'm sighing for thee.
Oh! me thinks the stars are weeping,
By their soft and lambent light,
And thy heart would be melting, Katy Darling,
Could'st thou see thy lone Dermot this night.

Oh! listen, sweet Katy,
For the wild flowers are sleeping, Katy Darling,
And the love-birds are nestling in each tree;
Wilt thou never more hear me, Katy Darling,
Or know, love, I'm kneeling by thee.

'Tis useless all my weeping, Katy Darling,
But I'll pray that thy spirit be my guide,
And that when my life is spent, Katy Darling,
They will lay me down to rest by thy side.
Oh! a huge great grief I'm bearing,
Though I scarce can heave a sigh,
And I'll ever be dreaming, Katy Darling,
Of thy love every day till I die.

Farewell then, sweet Katy—
For the wild flowers will blossom, Katy Darling,
And the love-birds will warble on each tree,
But in heaven I shall meet thee, Katy Darling,
For there, love, thou art waiting for me.

THE BROKEN VOW.

HARRY DUNSTAN was the younger son of a younger son; a colonel in the army, who thought a man provided handsomely for his offspring when he bought a commission in the Guards.

But Captain Dunstan was not of the same opinion; expensive in his habits, thoughtless and extravagant in his ideas, the gaming-table, the turf, and the dice-box supplied him with temporary resources. His father, after having paid his debts half a dozen times, refused to do anything more for him, and soon after died, leaving him, according to the *technical* expression, "without a farthing in the world," i. e. with about three hundred a year.

Dunstan was advised to marry an heiress, which he was perfectly willing to do. After one or two disappointments in England, he received an invitation from a General Campbell, who had been a friend of his father, to spend the shooting season at Cumlin-Dhu, a beautiful romantic place in the Highlands. Thither Harry Dunstan proceeded, and was warmly welcomed on account of his great merit, in having possessed so amiable a father.

Amongst the inmates of the General's hospitable house, was a nephew of his, Archie Campbell; a gay, warm-hearted young Scotchman, blunt in his manner, but with acute feelings, kind to a fault, the idol of his circle, and the admiration even of the calculating and heartless Dunstan himself. A sort of friendship, or more properly companionship, was established between the two young men; and in spite of the contrast between them, they became inseparable.

Archie Campbell, who had scarcely ever been from the wilds in which he lived, was struck with the natural and acquired elegance of the English officer, for Harry Dunstan had no dandyism about him; gentle without effeminacy, graceful without affectation, he won easily on the unsuspecting; and a sort of tact, which was taught him partly by his dependent situation, partly by an innate thirst of vanity which led him to wish for universal praise, gave him that enviable power of adapting himself to different dispositions, and chameleon-like variety in the choice of the *modes* of making an impression, which would have baffled a keener sighted man than his simple, happy friend. From the old General, who found an apparently sober companion in his favorite sports, to the piper, whose account of St. Fillan's meeting, and its prize pipes, was so kindly listened to, all loved Dunstan.

And *one* more loved him; one who would rather have allowed her young heart to wither in her bosom, for Archie Campbell had wooed her, and Archie's bride she was to be. It was a settled thing: and many of her privileged friends already laughingly addressed her by the title of Mrs. Campbell, of Cumlin-Dhu; and Mrs. Campbell she might have been, but for Harry Dunstan.

Archie himself introduced his friend to his betrothed; it was *he* who expressed a wish that they should like one another; it was *he* who requested Harry to take care of Minny and her Highland pony, while he himself went to see a sick old man, or give directions about the General's farm; it was *he* who informed Dunstan that the only delay to the match was the return of Minny's uncle, who was to give her a fortune hardly earned in India, and had wished to see his beloved child by adoption united to the man of her choice. The father was only a poor clergyman, and his brother's return was daily expected.

Dunstan heard and pondered, and while he sat on the sunny bank, with the blue sky reflected in the uplifted eyes of his innocent companion, dark and treacherous thoughts coursed one another through his mind. While he wove harebells for Margaret Dure's fair locks, and she smiled on him in confiding friendship, he was meditating how to cover the innocent victim with chains, whose links should be concealed among flowers, till they were bound round her heart!

It were vain and useless to recount Harry Dunstan's acts; he was thirty—she seventeen; he was a man of the world—she had never been beyond her native village. She admired him; she liked to have him with her; she looked forward to happy days at Cumlin-Dhu, with her husband Archie, and her new friend; then she wished that Archie was like Dunstan, *in some things*, till—till Harry Dunstan seemed to her the most perfect of human beings.

And think not that this was mere fickleness, or admiration of outward show. Dunstan had laid his plot deeply; he contrived, by a thousand stratagems, to weaken the bonds of affection between the two lovers; and while he appeared to be earnestly wishing to reconcile their quarrels, and to laugh at their childish differences, as he called them, he inwardly exulted as the barbed dart sunk deeper and deeper into the bosoms of those who unwittingly cherished a serpent.

Archie Campbell was in the daily habit of riding to the manse, and taking what he laughingly termed his "orders for the day," from the gentle lips of his betrothed. He rode out one morning while the gray mists still clung to the tops of the hills, as if loath to leave them to the glory of the uprisen sun. The freshness and brightness of nature gave warmth to his heart and vigor to his limbs; and a kindly and remorseful spirit stole over him as he reflected on some hasty and jealous words he had spoken to Minny the day previous. "What a weak thing is a man's soul!" thought he; "I struggle with doubts and fears which at one time wring my heart, while at another they seem as easily dispersed as the shadows and mists from the brow of yonder mountain. At this hour of quiet glory—in the dewy silence of this delicious morning,—how feverish, how foolish, seem the feelings of yesterday. My poor Minny, what could make me doubt you now!"

What, indeed!—As he approached the manse, it appeared to him that there was an unusual stir—an unusual number of people assembled on the little lawn from which Minny used to watch his coming; his heart beat, his breath came quick, the old man must be ill, or the housekeeper had died suddenly, or the Indian uncle had arrived, or—anything but Minny! Mr. Dure was standing on the lawn: his white head uncovered, and his eyes wandering irresolutely from one to another of the grieved and perplexed countenances of his little household.

When he perceived Archie, he staggered forward, and with a nervous laugh, which contrasted thrillingly with the wild anxiety of his eyes as he pressed young Campbell's hand, exclaimed—"Weel, laddie, and isn't this a wild trick you've played us, so sober and discreet as you seemed; weel, weel—and where?" The old man's tone suddenly altered; the haggard smile vanished from his face, and as he leaned heavily on Archie's arm, he whispered in a hoarse voice—"Don't say it; don't say it; don't tell me you don't know where she is, or may be ye'll see me die at your feet."

Archie collected from the weeping domestics enough, and more than enough to satisfy him. The snowy coverlet of Minny's bed remained undisturbed by the pressure of a human form. She had not slept at the manse that night; she would never more rest her head in peace and innocence beneath its roof again!

He came back to Cumlin-Dhu, and asked for Dunstan; he had departed suddenly on plea of urgent business in England. Archie Campbell gazed in his informant's face with a vacant stare, and then bowed his head on his hands. He did not weep or groan, or even sigh; a slight shudder only passed over his frame. I anxiously watched him the few succeeding days we were together; he was just the same as usual; he talked and laughed, and though the laugh was less cheerful, it was wonderful how well he conquered his sorrow; only when he sometimes stole a look at Dunstan's unfilled place, a wild and fearful expression lighted his countenance, his lips moved, and his breath came thick and short. For a little while I thought he would either get over it, or that he retained some hope that Minny herself would repent before it was too late, and return. He rode out at the accustomed hour to the manse, where the lonely old father was mourning in silent and submissive sorrow.

I accidentally encountered him one evening. He was sitting on the favorite bank—the deep crimson sun lit the heath and harebell, the wide blue lake lay stretched beneath, and the perfumed air echoed the confused murmur of distant sounds and the hum of insects; he looked at the empty seat by him, "Minny, sweet Minny!" said he, in a low gentle voice, then suddenly rising, with startling energy he stretched his arms and bent forward with a straining effort to the distant mountains: "Margaret! Margaret Dure!" and the hills returned in the same tone of unspeakable anguish, "Margaret Dure!" I feared he would fall and dash to pieces on the shingles below, yet I dared not speak, hardly breathe; he slowly drew himself back and sank down—that night he heard of Minny's marriage with Dunstan; that night he swore to me to leave Britain, and travel for a while till his health should improve.

He went abroad, and after a few months, Mr. Dure received a letter from him. The hand-writing was feeble and the style incoherent; it expressed a wish that, as he was dying in a foreign land, without any probability of being able to return, Mr. Dure should have a small marble slab erected under the old cypress-tree, with his name and age, and the year he died in. This was accordingly done. In little more than a year after her marriage, Margaret Dunstan was attacked by a complaint which had often threatened her—that canker-worm of the young and lovely, consumption. Dunstan, disappointed in his hopes of money by his grieved and angry uncle, had latterly treated her coldly, if not harshly; yet it was impossible to see anything so young and so beautiful dying, without some feelings of pity. After a vain course of remedies had been gone through, he acceded to her sorrowful prayer, that he would take her back to die at Cumlin-Dhu, where her old father still lived.

They arrived late in the evening, and, worn and exhausted, Margaret felt that she could not go to the manse that night; she had not heard of Archie's death in the stranger land, and of his last request; and she stole into the churchyard where she was so soon to rest, and sat down in the still twilight, leaning her weary head against a tombstone.

She had not sat there many minutes before she heard the little gate open, and presently afterwards her own name was uttered in a low voice.

"Here I am, Dunstan," she said, rising.

The speaker darted forward, and then stood transfixed to the spot. "Margaret Dure!"—she uttered a piercing shriek. "Minny," said the young man, wildly, "do not fear *me*. It is only Archie Campbell; are you living, and is it only the moonlight that makes you so pale?"

"O, Archie! do not speak in that tone. We are both altered, and I am dying now; but I deserved it, and I am contented to leave this world, and when I am buried in this lone place, you will think of me sometimes, and forgive me."

"Minny, I hope you will live many long years, and I will see you sometimes at night, for I must be dead to all but you. Tell me, is he, is Dunstan kind to you?"

"Can the treacherous in friendship be faithful in love? No, Archie, the red gold tempted him, not Minny's face; he has chid me for smiling, and reproached me for leaving you, and said it was for a more splendid life I went with him; and—that if I changed once I might change again; and he has chid me for weeping when I thought of my father and of you, Archie, and of the sweet banks of Cumlin-Dhu."

"And did you think of me, my sweet Minny? Did you think of me still, amid all the temptations and pleasures of England?"

"Archie, after the dream that he loved me melted away, love went out of my heart; but night and day, through the melancholy spring and the long weary summer, I wept for you—for your kind words and faithful promises; for the long happy days we spent together; and I felt that it was just that I, who forsook should be forsaken."

Archie Campbell rushed forward, and taking the unfortunate girl in his arms he strained her convulsively to his bosom. "What have I done?" said Margaret, as she disengaged herself; "O, Archie, pity me and let me go *home*;" and the word brought a fresh torrent of bitter tears to her already dim and swollen eyes.

"Fear nothing," said he, as his arm sank by his side; "I am no traitor—God Almighty and Allmerciful bless and protect you: go, and, Minny, tell no one you have seen me:" he loosed her hand and walked quickly away, and his bewildered companion returned to her husband.

After a most distressing scene between Minny and her poor father, it was agreed that they should live at the manse till something else should be settled, or till Minny should get better; though Mr. Dure felt he never could like Dunstan, yet his first fears had not been realized; his daughter was married; and though it was a grievous thing to think on poor Archie, his old favorite, yet he was a man prone to forgive, and he left vengeance to Him who hath said, "*Vengeance is mine.*" The minister gently told his daughter the fate of her betrothed and deserted lover; she listened intently, and remembering the scene of the night before, she said earnestly, "Are you sure? O, I cannot believe he is dead."

She shuddered as she said this; her father calmly drawing her arm within is, and walked through his little garden and entered the church-yard at the end of it. "There," said he, mournfully, "is the stone I raised to him." Minny looked, though her head swam.

THIS STONE
IS ERECTED TO THE MEMORY
OF
ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL,
WHO DEPARTED THIS LIFE,
AGED 24,
MAY 6TH, 1825.

It was the stone on which she had been leaning the night before; she gave a wild scream and fainted; her body, weakened as it was, was terribly shaken by this adventure, and though she still hoped some wild chance might have preserved Archie, and that it was indeed he that stood by her and spoke to her that evening, yet the awful words, "*I will see you at* NIGHT, *for I must be dead to all but you*," rang in her ear, and his hand, she remembered, was very cold. A sick thrill passed over her as she remembered this, and she at length became persuaded she had seen the spirit of her lover. Meanwhile, she grew weaker and weaker every day.

One evening she expressed a wish to visit once more the moss bank which overhung the lake. Dunstan had gone out shooting, and it was on his way home. The old servant at the manse supported her, for she was now too feeble to walk without assistance; she sat down in the accustomed spot, dark overhanging mountains behind her, and the quiet blue lake before her; towards sunset she saw Dunstan coming over the hill, he waved his handkerchief to her, and she answered the signal; he leaped down the tufted side of the hill till he came to the most dangerous part, where it rose almost perpendicularly from the lake.

"Come slowly, Dunstan, pray," said the alarmed wife; Harry Dunstan laughed at her fears: he made one step more, and was arrested in his progress. A wild, gaunt form sprung upon him like a hungry wolf, and endeavored to hurl him down the precipice; Dunstan struggled as those struggle, and those *only*, who have death present to their eyes, but in vain; nearer he was dragged to the edge, till there was nothing between him and the lake below but a space of about four feet. By a sudden effort he flung himself on his back, and fired his loaded gun. His opponent bounded a few steps backward, the leaves over which he rolled rustled in the descent—a sick, faint scream from Margaret, and all was silent.

Minny Dunstan walked feebly forward, her husband descended the hill, every fibre quivering with the struggle he had made; they met beside the body of the wounded man. Margaret bent over him, he opened his eyes, gave a dim, dreary glance round him, took Dunstan's hand, and raising his eyes to Heaven, murmured some indistinct words; he then turned them once more to Minny, a film came over those orbs, and he lay a corse before them—the corse of Archie Campbell! Worn and emaciated by suffering, and looking like a man who had passed many more years of sorrows, the noble-hearted youth lay cold and stiff before his treacherous friend. And it seemed to Dunstan afterwards that his marriage, the death of Archie, the more lingering illness of Minny, and the sorrow and misery he had brought on all, were but as a warning dream.

HOW TO TREAT A WIFE.—First, get a wife; secondly, be patient. You may have great trials and perplexities in your business with the world; but do not, therefore, carry to your home a cloudy or contracted brow. Your wife may have many trials, which, though of less magnitude, may have been as hard to bear.—A kind, conciliating word—a tender look, will do wonders in chasing from her brow all clouds of gloom. You encounter your difficulties in the open air, fanned by heaven's cool breezes; but your wife is often shut in from these healthful influences, and her health fails and her spirits lose their elasticity. But Oh! bear with her: she has trials and sorrows to which you are a stranger; but which your tenderness can deprive of all their anguish. Notice kindly her efforts to promote your comfort. Do not take them all as a matter of course, and pass them by, at the same time being very sure to observe any omission of what you may consider duty to you. Do not treat her with indifference, if you would not sear and palsy her heart, which, watered by kindness would, to the latest day of your existence, throb with sincere and constant affection. Sometimes yield your wishes to hers. She has preferences as strong as you, and it may be just as trying to yield her choice, as to you. Do you find it hard to yield *sometimes?* Think you it is not difficult for her to give up *always?* If you never yield to her wishes, there is danger that she will think you are selfish, and care only for yourself; and with such feelings she cannot love as she might. Again, show yourself manly, so that your wife may look up to you, and feel that you will act nobly, and that she can confide in your confidence.

AN exchange, in describing the effect of a severe thunder shower, says:—A cow was struck by lightning and instantly killed, belonging to the village physician, who had a beautiful calf four days old.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

REPORTED AND SELECTED FOR THE CLIPPER.

HOME MATTERS.

Pedestrianism.

ENGLAND *versus* AMERICA.

Some time since a man named H. Reed, of England, sent a challenge to this country, in which he offered to run any man, for a sum of 500 dollars. Rich offered to run 100, 125, or 150 yards, and was willing to have the match come off either in New York, Philadelphia, Washington, St. Louis, Toronto, Montreal, or Quebec. We are pleased to learn that the challenge has been accepted by a man named Henry Rich, of Bull's Head, Watertown, Jefferson Co., New York. An answer to the challenge was sent to Reed a few weeks since, and the preliminaries will soon be arranged.

THE TURF.

The trot over the Hunting Park Course, on Thursday last, between the celebrated horses Mac and Tacony, resulted in favor of Mac, contrary to the general expectation. One gentleman, it is said, lost $10,000.

TROTTING OVER THE UNION (L. I.) COURSE.

TUESDAY, May 10—Match $1000, Mile heats, best 3 in 5, in harness, for 4 year old colts.

H. Jones's b. h. Ethan Allen,	1 1 1
Smith Burr's b. m. Rose of Washington,	2 2 2

Time, 2:36—2:39—2:42.

We take the following report of the above trot from the *Herald*:—

One hundred to forty was current previous to the start, and during the progress of the race the odds were increased in favor of the stallion. There was an immense crowd on the course. The track was good, and the weather favorable for the sport.

First Heat.—Ethan Allen won the pole. They came up nicely for the word—H. Jones driving the colt and Albert Conklin the filly—and went off at a very lively gait. The colt took the lead round the turn, the mare pulling out too much. He was two lengths ahead at the quarter pole in forty seconds. Going down the back stretch the filly gained a trifle, although the colt was going astonishingly fast. He passed the half mile pole in 1:17—making the second quarter in 37 seconds, without the slightest urging on the part of his driver. On the lower turn the filly made an effort to lead. She went up to his head, but as she swung on the home stretch, broke up badly, and fell off at least 20 yards. Albert then seeing that he could not overtake the colt, did not hurry the filly any further, and came gradually home. The colt, too, broke up about the same time; but he made one plunge or so, and was at his work again in an instant. He won the heat by 40 yards. Time 2:36.

Second Heat.—The mare broke up as soon as the word was given, and the stallion led to the quarter pole four or five open lengths. Time 40 seconds. He increased his speed down the back stretch to the half, but did not get away any further from the filly. Time 1:17. On the lower turn the filly began closing gradually; but it was evident that Mr. Jones was slackening the pace of the colt, and he brought him to the stand a winner by only half a length, in 2:39.

Third Heat.—The son of the owner of the filly now took the place of Albert Conklin in the sulky of the mare, to try his chances as a last resort. He was 22 pounds over-weight; enough to lose any race with equally matched horses. As might be supposed, he was beaten easily. The stallion took the lead and went past the quarter pole 40 yards in advance, in 41 seconds, the mare having broke up twice before she reached there. The colt went to the half in 1:18 and came home leisurely a winner by a length in 2:42.

TROTTING IN PHILADELPHIA.

TUESDAY, May 10, 1853—Match for $1000, Two mile heats, in harness.

G. Nelson's ro. g. John May	1
J. Hamill's b. g. John Vanderbilt	dist.

Time, 5:33.

SAME DAY—Match for $1000, Two mile heats, to wagons.

J. Ward's ch. g. Whalebone	1 1
G. Nelson's b. m. Soto	2 2

Time, 5:28—5:31.

TROTTING AND PACING AT CINCINNATI.

TROTTING AT ST. LOUIS, MO.

TUESDAY, April 26, 1853—Jockey Club, Purse $50

Mile heats, best 3 in 5, in harness.

L. T. McQuivey's b. g. Bluffer,	1 1 1
G. Bidwell's b. g. Tom Benton	2 2 2
R. Holbrook's b. g. June Bug	3 3 dis

Time, 3:00—2:47—2:45.

NORFOLK AND PORTSMOUTH, VA. RACES.

TUESDAY, May 3, 1853—Purse —, for all ages, 3 yr. olds, carrying 86 lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7, and upwards, 124—allowing 3 lbs to mares and geldings. Mile heats.

Capt. Belcher's filly	1 1
Mr. Talley's	2 2
O. P. Hare's	3 3

Time, (1st heat not stated)—1:53.

WEDNESDAY, May 4—Purse ——, for all ages, weights as before, Two mile heats.

Mr. Talley's One-eyed Joe, by Prince George, out of Register's dam, 5 yrs	1 1
John Harrison's ch. f. Maid of Egecombe, by Boston, dam by Andrew, 4 yrs.	2 2
Thomas G. Bacon's b. f. Die Clapperton, by Boston, out of Bellamira, by Imp. Monarch, 4 yrs,	3 3

Time, 3:46—3:44.

THURSDAY, May 5—Purse——, for all ages, weights as before, mile heats.

T. D. Watson's Florence	1 1
Mr. Talley's 3 yr. old filly	2 2
Mr. Harrison's 3 yr. old colt	3 3

Time, 1:52½—1:51.

THE RING.

The Great Fight

BETWEEN HARRY BROOME AND HARRY ORME FOR 500 POUNDS, AND THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF ENGLAND.

This fight came off on the 18th of April, and created tremendous excitement. Before proceeding to the particulars of the fight, a short history of the men may not be uninteresting.

Harry Broome was born in Birmingham in 1826, and is consequently in his 27th year. He is a younger brother of Johnny Broome, and, like that clever tactician, gained his first ideas of the use of his bunch of fives in his native town. His first battle was with Fred. Mason (the Bull Dog), Broome winning after a well contested battle of eighty-one minutes, during which thirty-nine rounds were fought. The mill took place at Northfleet, October 11, 1843, and was for £50 a side. Broome's weight was little over 10st, while Mason was about 9st 8lb. In the following year, Harry was matched against Joe Rowe for £50 a side, at 10st 4lb; and this match was appointed to come off on the 10th of December, 1844. On that day the men met in a field at Greenhithe, Kent, where a hard fight took place. Rowe's East End patrons and would-be friends mustered in strong force, and a good deal of money was laid out. The fight was not finished that day, however, on account of the mob breaking into the ring: the men met again on the 13th of May, 1845. The fight lasted 57 min, and the number of rounds was 27. Rowe, although he took his licking as he always did, like a fearless, resolute fellow, was evidently overmatched, and victory once more was awarded to the name of Broome. Harry, in the following year, went to seek an opponent in his native town, and at length made a match with Ben Terry, then in his prime, and considered about the best middle weight in the Hardware districts. This match, although it came to a hard-fought battle, ended in a most unsatisfactory manner. It took place near Shrivenham, Berks, Feb 3, 1846, where 49 rounds were fought in one hour five minutes, with but little advantage on either side. In the last round a claim of "foul" was made on the part of Broome, on the ground that Terry had struck him foul. The matter could not be settled for some time, and finally Terry gave Broome £5 to draw stakes. Some short time after this Broome broke his arm in a heavy fall against a table,

Continued on 4th page.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

MAY 21, 1853.

HARRISON TRENT, Proprietor. | FRANK QUEEN, Editor.

ADVERTISERS will please call on V. B. Palmer, the American Newspaper Agent, who is our authorized advertising agent. His receipts will be regarded as payments. His office is in Tribune Building, corner Nassau and Spruce streets.

Our Terms for advertising at present are only six cents per line. When wereach a circulation of fifty thousand we shall raise.

Communications intended for the "Clipper" may also be left with Mr. Palmer.

THE SKIPPER'S CABIN.

A TALK WITH OUR FRIENDS—AT HOME AND AND ABROAD.

We have received numerous contributions from kind friends and correspondents, and have pleasure in making such extracts as we think will be interesting to our rea d ers.

A writer sends us the following, and says it is an actual fact; our readers can form their own opinion, however: "A fine smart Irish lad, about 18 years of age, who had been only two months in this country, was placed in a country grocery store, where dry goods, Jamaica rum, and such things, were sold. Barney, for that was the lad's name, had been about two weeks in his new business, when a lady called and inquired for some *buckrum;* Barney, wishing to show himself obliging and active, seized a lamp and was soon in the cellar, busily engaged in endeavoring to decypher the disfigured marks on the ends of the liquor casks, but without being able to find the article needed, and at length made his way up stairs, saying, as he eyed the lady, "Be jabers, we've got New England rum, Santiga rum, Jamaky rum, *but the devil a bit of Buck rum is there in the whole cellar!*"

This is something like another incident just like the above: A literary lady went into a book and variety store, and inquired if they had *Goldsmith's Greece;* "No mam," said the polite attendant, "but we have some beautiful *bear's oil!*"

* * * * *

We have received a long letter from a writer, who has evidently forgotten to affix any signature by which we could address him. We would say, however, that his remarks are in the main true, but the great length of the article precludes its publication for the present.

* * * * * *

Here is a verse found at the end of a funeral notice in the Philadelphia Ledger.

Dearest Mary Elizabeth, she is gone,
Her sister went before:
Now they both met in heaven,
Never to part any more.
They have a little brother they left behind,
Nor do we know how soon
They may call in their little brother
To play around the silver moon.

Them Philadelphia poets do beat all natur in making varses.

* * * * *

A Jersey friend writes as follows: I attended the funeral of a child, lately, in a little village in this State, and as there was no minister present, as the time approached for the funeral to start, I asked the father of the child if I should procure the attendance of one. His sorrowful gaze was fixed full upon me, and with trembling voice he said, "*What'll he charge?*"

* * * * *

As we write, a fisherman is beneath our window, crying out—"Yer's fresh mackerel, *on'y ten cents a pair!*"

This will sound strange to residents of other cities, but it is quite natural here. We have a way of our own.

* * * * * * *

We have received a communication from a correspondent who signs himself "One who Knows," and from a perusal of his article we should judge that he does know, but for reasons that we cannot make known in this number, we defer the publication of the communication for the present. We thank our correspondent for his polite attention.

* * * * * * *

A victim of cheap boarding-houses, complains of the living at his house; he says *the tea is so weak it won't run out of the tea-pot!*

This is rather bad, we admit, but perhaps the *butter is strong enough to make up for it.*

* * * * *

An exchange paper, in speaking of the late rail road catastrophe at Norwalk, says, "*One of our reporters was fortunately in the cars at the time,* and has sent us full particulars."

* * * * *

The beautiful weather of the past few days has caused rapid growth in everything green. Even *green countrymen* have increased tenfold.

Strikes are not confined to this country alone. The mourners in an undertaker's establishment in London, recently refused to *mourn* unless their wages were increased. "Why, you rascals," said the boss, "if I raise your wages, you will be *merrier than ever.*"

* * * * * *

The ice dealers have raised the price of their commodity this season, full 100 per cent. over the prices of last year. This is decidedly the *coolest* transaction we ever heard of.

* * * * * *

The Sunday Times, in an article on the late Italian Opera troupe, says, "*When the expenditures exceed the receipts, there must be a loss somewhere.*" We hope our talented friend has not experienced this fact.

* * * * * *

We know of no place in New York, where you can be better accommodated with the good things of this life, than at the "Live and Let Live" saloon of Messrs. Walnut & Radford, under Genin's, Broadway.

* * * * * *

Here is another complaint from a cheap boarder. We really pity these victims of misplaced confidence. Listen to his doleful tale:—"I sleep in bed with another boarder, who invariably pushes me out on the sides of the bedstead. If I speak to him about it, he says he only takes half of the bed; but I tell him he manages to take *his half right out of the middle,* and I have to sleep *both sides of him!*"

* * * * * *

The following was propounded to the Editor of the Sunday Times:—"If a man's wife leave him with the intention never to live with him again, can he sell *his farm in New York,* and give a deed without its being necessary for the wife to sign off her claim?"

Now, if the question had been put to us, we would answer that it would depend altogether *whether the man had a farm in New York!*

* * * * * *

To the *tasty* friend who sent us a beautiful sample of genuine *Heidsick wine,* we tender our acknowledgments. It caused a thrill of *pain* to pass through our system, yet it was only *champagne!*

* * * * * * *

Still another question to be answered. This we find in the Sunday Times:—If, after living in Jersey for a year, *I come over* to New York and stay three months, do I lose my right of voting in New Jersey?

The *Times* man doesn't answer it to our satisfaction, for we know that in most *foreign countries* it is held that *once a subject always a subject,* and this rule is applicable to our Jersey friend who *came over,* and stayed three months.

* * * * * * *

Advertisers, don't forget that our paper already has a larger circulation than one half of the weeklies published in New York, and is steadily increasing. Our terms are reasonable, and while advertisers are benefited by advertising in the *Clipper,* we are also benefited by their favors. It is killing two birds with one stone. Don't forget this.

* * * * * * *

The case of the young man who lately put up the wrong medicine, by which the patient was killed, puts us in mind of an incident we once heard. "I don't think that man takes his physic reg'lar," said a doctor's boy to his employer. "Why so?" "*Cause he's getting well so fast!*"

* * * * * *

The *Clipper* is nearing port, and for this trip we are admonished to cut our yarns short until next trip. In the mean time, we will be happy to hear from our friends.

"Sad, O sad was their fate."

The loss of the barque William and Mary, with nearly two hundred emigrants, has cast a sad and solemn gloom o'er our city, where many of the friends of the lost resided. We are getting so accustomed to these periodical visitations of death in its wholesale form, that we already wonder where next the blow may fall.

The Championship.

See Sporting Department for a full and accurate account of the recent fight between Broome and Orme for the Championship.

The British Commission.

We do hope our citizens will retain their senses on the arrival of the English nobility shortly expected here to superintend the British Department of our World's Fair. Let's show these lords and knights that we are not all fit candidates for an insane asylum.

The Fishery Question.

Which is best—Shad or Porgies? Answers will be received until the *last run of shad.*

Our Hannah-wussur-is,

On account of de Anti-Slabery Sciety.

BY ONE OF DE PORTERS.

Dis great went of de season, was hold in dis city, de week prebus. We have devered to gib a sucksink and pashull 'count of de purseedings, up to de moment of de last minit.

Among de numerous partispants in dis sitin struggle, I may fine room for de follerin, case de room wouldn't hold any more—dey is as follows:

Dere was brudder Garry's son, who was pinted to de chare, cause he noes as much as de brack man. When he got to de chare, he commenced de begin by redein a chapter from de Irish Exdus, to show de simlarity zistin between dem. My brudders and sistern, he said, our enemies say dat all de ablishners is gone in, dat dey hab bin nialated. Before purseding to de latter part of dis discourse, I say dat dis report am a lie, ole as poor Uncle Tom, (free cheers.) Dat ole man's name bring de tear drop to your eyes and nose, wheneber he menshund.

(At dis part ob de debate, de farder purseedings was dispensed wid, to 'low brudder Dog-dale to say a few words of his prayers to de anxhus frens of de siety.)

Brudder Garry's son hurried de man so, he stop fore he done, and den he continude de farder remarks in dis way. Whar you bin for de las two years—you bin trablin, case dis grate city was too crupt to 'low us to mete in it any more? Was you feerd ob de riots—no dat you was'nt. What was you feerd of den? I tole you. You feerd Capun Rynders want to list you in his Empire Club, and help him to get an office. Is'nt dat it? (free cheers.) I node it was. Whar did you go to scape de mashinations ob de gallus capun. To Sykuse—no danger dare—de black man ob color puts heself on de lebel ob de white man of color, and isn't feerd to soshate wid him, (free cheers.) Whar was de next place you go. Roch'ter,—but we didn't go ob our own cord, but case dere was'nt room in dis city for us. And now we find ourself back agin, wid our armer on, and reddy to fite for de fugive slave law, (free cheers.) What ever become of ole Union Safety Committee? *You* don't know, but *I* does—I fine it all out from my own nolege—dey is gone in wid three of de champanes ob de grate cause. Whar is Luis Smith? gone in—where is de grate Rynders? gone to Washington, after dat office dat by de help ob de brack man he nebber can git. We hab de ole grudg again him, and we keep firin at his reer, so he nebber come back again. Whar de man dat make de mus at Cristanna? gone in. Whars Uncle Tom's Cabin? (free cheers,) he's gone to make a tower up by de Cristal Pallus. Dese tings my bruddren, is nuff to probe to de peepil dat wat I hab said to you is de true nolege of de most 'portant 'vents ob de present time. Wid dese few words I conclude dis part ob my remarks, by sayin to you in de words of de pote,

De fugitive slabe law wid many tousand men,
Caught a nigger in dis town, and took him back agen.

De brudder sot down midst free cheers. At de clusion of dis bust ob litened thusiasm, brudder Garry's son told de meetin dat if any free woman, white or brack, had any words to say, now is de time—let um cum forred.

A white woman ob cullor, proched de bull-pit, and made hersef quainted to de chare. De chare quainted the aujence wid de lady, and den she bared her head wid her bonnet off, and dressed hersef fore de mirers ob de slabe, to dere entire satisfackshun. Dese are de words ob Miss Lucy, as she wrote dem for us wid her own short hand.

Brudders—I jus cum out before you, to spress dis pinion—dat I can nebber be silent, eben if I was cussed ten thousand times. Dis puts me in mind ob a story dat I was gwan to tell you. Dere was a brack woman ony last year, trying de fugitive slabe law, to see how she liked it. De little child she had wid her, could'nt go fast enuff, and the kidnappers was in a hurry to cotch dem. Whot did she do. She tole em dey could'nt cotch her, when jis at dat minit de fugitive slabe law fire he pop gun at her, and de ball fust went froo de upper part ob de chile's hed, just ober de hare, and den hit de moder in de heel, but it could'nt get in, and to dis berry day dat chile and his mudder am libbin in clober. See dat? See how esy de persemeuted victim can 'lude de law. One ob de gratest women ob de day, hab been writin a book about Uncle Tom, (free cheers,) and his cabin. Four millions ob de cullerd ladies ob England, hab sent ober to dis woman, dere petishun to come over dere so see de poor slabes of Ireland, and to write for de benefit of dere gettin free ob de slabe law. I 'lude to Harret Beteyoue (cries of dats her, bress de angel, hurra for Missy Sto, &c.,) one ob de angelic pussons dat am permitted to lib among de white folks, to see dat dey don't go tu fur in dare manoovrems. As I see tuu or free ob de brudders reddy to dress you, I will elude de finish ob my discourse on de nex future cashum.

I cannot permit dis speech to be finish widout de follerin lines of de pote:

"Miss Lucy is not handsome, Miss Lucy is not tall,
But de way she talks de nigger is a caushun to em all."

Massa Flips nex spoke to de meetum, but de 'marks dat fall from de mouf of dis genblem, too vulger to be prased eben by a New York Alderman. De plause during de delibery ob he sermon was parshally divided, one haf ob de 'plause being free cheers, de oder half being hisses, ony de latter suiting de actions ob de speeker best.

De farder progress of de meetin was adjourn to de same time next year, wen Miss Lucy promises to dress hersef longer before de aujence.

I tank brudder for dat hat he lend me to write out dese notes, and I forgot to return it to him, but I promise to be dere nex year, and den I will bring it wid me.

THE ART UNION.

The Investigation.

Examination of Mr. Smith.

Mr. Doe—Now, Mr. Smith, are you acquainted with painting as it is practised in this country?

Smith—I am—my father was a house-painter long before I knew him, and, up to the present, I myself have assisted him in a great deal of out-door work.

Doe—Look at this picture, Mr. Smith, and say if you ever saw it before, and if so, when?

Smith—I know the picture well, as I assisted in painting it, about two years ago.

Doe—What title did you give the picture?

Smith—We called it the "House and Hog," and though you see nothing there but the house, yet the hog is just behind the house, and is painted out of sight to make the painting more picturesque.

Doe—Did you ever paint any other picture for the Art Union, and if yea, what?

Smith—We painted one called the "Beef-eaters"—it represented the dining-room of a boarding house, with the boarders sitting round the table, on which was placed a painting of a side of beef—the beef was so *well done* that many of the visitors to the Art Union room, have been caught in the act of cutting a piece off. (I wish the Court to notice how Mr. Doe is casting sheep's eyes at me, but he cannot intimidate me.)

Doe—How much did you receive for that picture?

Smith—We charged 6 shillings for it, but finally let it go for 18 pence.

Doe—Did you give a receipt for the money?

Smith—I did—I gave a receipt for 6 shillings, at the request of the managers, so as to allow them the chance of making a little profit.

The Chair—This will answer for the present, and the Court is adjourned.

All of the Olden Time.

The following paragraphs, relating to the early history of New York, will no doubt be interesting to our readers. Times have sadly changed since then, but it is very likely tkat the laws then in use were far more faithfully carried out than those of the present day:

In October, 1638, a female, for slandering the Rev. E. Bogardus, was condemned to appear at Fort Amsterdam, "to declare in public, *at the sounding of the bell,* that she knew the minister was an honest and pious man, and that she lied falsely."

In 1639, all mechanics and laborers in the service of the company, commenced and left work at the *ringing of the bell,* and for every neglect forfeited double the amount of their wages, to the use of the Attorney General.

In 1647, all tavern-keepers were prohibited from accommodating any clubs, or selling any ardent liquors *after the ringing of the bell* at nine o'clock in the evening.

In 1648, two runaways were summoned into court, by the *ringing of the bell,* to defend themselves.

In 1677, a fine of six shillings was imposed on any member of the corporation and jurymen, who should neglect to appear in court, at the *third ringing of the bell.* The bell-ringer was anciently the court messenger. In 1661, amid his multifarious official duties, he was to assist in burying the dead and attend to *toll the bell.*

The Wall-street Calamity.

The *shaver* was left, while the honest, hard-working man was taken away. We could have spared a *bet*-ter man.

MEETING OF THE B'HOYS.

City Government.

ALL THE MEMBERS PRESENT.

By our Special Reporter.

The President was in the cheer, and announced that the fust thing on the carpet was this here new railroad bill.

Josey Stinson—Well, if this here thing is fust, I move we put all the reporters out but the *Clipper* man, for I don't want a lot o' chaps in here to listen, and then go blab. The *Clipper* don't blab.

Jakey Kiser—I second that ere, for this is a private case, and it ain't no use to let everybody know what's goin' on, no how.

The question was put and carried, and Stinson and Kiser appointed on the committee to ask the reporters out. This was soon done, and things went on.

Josey Stinson—I had a talk with the petishners for this road, and I told 'em how we done these kind o' things, and what I thought it would cost 'em to get it put through. I told 'em we charged for rail roads at the rate of $2000 for each one of us, and if they didn't choose to give it, why we could get as many as we chose to that would. They kind o' didn't like it at fust, but they found I was in earnest, and so they giv in at last. They paid me down $1000 apiece, but we've got to alter the route a little and we can fix it all off in no time. We'll git the other $1000 after the thing's done

The reporters were here admitted again, and the proceedings resumed.

The gentleman from the 6th stated that this Five Points road was for the benefit of some fust rate fellers, and he thought everybody would like it after it was down. The change in the route is this here, and as it is for the benefit of the gentlemen present, he hoped it would pass without any fuss. The petishners wants to start with a track to the Tombs from the Pints, and another track from the Park to the Tombs, for the benefit of the Aldermen.

Stinson—That's the talk—I like that; and though I was down on the road at fust, I begin to see that this here is what the people wants. I'm there for one vote, any how.

Kiser—If them petishners had made this alteration last week, I'd a went in for it then, and I'm d—d sorry we didn't know about it afore. I'll go in for it.

Spencer—I spose if all hands votes for it that the people will say we've been bribed. It's always the way. If a few of us votes agin it, it'll make the thing look about right, so I goes agin it.

The Chair—Fellers, what you are about to do is an honor to you, and I am proud of being in the cheer on this occasion. If any feller's got anything to say, why this bill shouldn't pass, why doesn't he say so.

The bill was passed by a small majority, when the board adjourned to the adjoining room to square up.

The Office Seeker.

The following lines, said to have been picked up in the Capitol, at Washington, show the trials that office seekers are compelled to endure in their search for a small share of the loaves and fishes. We feel for them, and hope these lines may prove exaggerated:

I would not live always, I ask not to stay
Where visions of office grow less day by day.
Where my letters and petitions find no chance of *perusal,*
Where my pleas for an office but meet with *refusal;*
That I would not live always, I ask not stay,
I'll prove by leaving Washington this very day.

Cheap Meat.

——Venison is now selling in Faneuil Hall Market, Boston, for *six cents per pound.*—*Exchange paper.*

Well, here in New York, we should consider it *deer meat* at that.

A Magnet.

The *Clipper* is said to possess such attractive qualities, as to draw pennies out of the pockets of all who come within reach of its influence.

The Aztec Children.

Would our readers imagine that the quarrel, about a year ago, relating to the Aztec children, was got up to order? The Herald and Mr. Morris had it hot and heavy for a time, and they did really seem to be in earnest. The children are back again, and the Herald does the printing. Isn't this a wicked world?

Fourth of July.

Our Aldermanic friends have already appropriated $3000 for fireworks, &c. for the approaching anniversary of our National Independence. This is as it should be. Boys, get your key-cannons ready.

ADVICE GRATIS

For Visitors to the Crystal Palace.

As many thousands of strangers will visit our city during the summer, we have taken the pains to note down the following items of advice for their especial benefit:

Do not make any surly remark if you are jostled about by the crowds that perambulate our great thoroughfares. Take it all good humoredly, even though you may be carried half a block out of your way in your efforts to extricate yourself. We all look for these little *drawbacks,* and get quite used to them. If you get angry, take care that there's an *undertaker's shop handy.*

In your passage across the streets in rainy weather, don't neglect to give the little crossing-sweeper a penny, otherwise you will need a *change of garments.*

If a brick from a new building alights on your head, don't look up, but hurry on, for you may be sure there's "*more a coming.*"

If you take a ride in our city rail-road cars or stages, don't be surprised if a young lady should take a seat on your lap. It is rather a peculiar situation to be placed in, but you will soon get used to it. *We like it.*

If you see an Irish policeman, don't neglect to take a good look at him, for you *may never see another!*

If you wish to take a walk through the Five Points, get a policeman to escort you. It's rather a lonesome place, and you might by yourself, *get lost.* Don't forget to pay for your escort.

Buy nothing at *auction*—it is difficult to tell the *mock* from the *real.*

Pay nothing to go on the Battery—it's free for all. You will very likely be asked for your ticket, but pass right in—the gate keeper is *self-appointed.*

Buy no *fancy picture book* from pedlars—if you do, when you come to examine it, you will discover it to be a work called—"How to Keep the Sabbath." It is a good book, however, and may profit you much. This is a very common dodge.

If you should get *slightly run over* in Broadway, don't stop to inquire into particulars, or you may find yourself *getting worse.*

Above all things, do not neglect to buy a copy of the *Clipper*—only 2 cents.

Challenges.

BOSTON AGAINST NEW YORK.—ENGLAND VERSUS AMERICA.

A Clipper Race and a Foot Race.

We refer our readers to another column for the particulars of those two interesting events, which will probably take place during the ensuing summer. *Fun ahead.*

The Palace.

There will be a busy season in New York this summer. Already those who have rented or purchased places in the immediate vicinity of the Crystal Palace are coining money. All sorts of shows will be located there, and all will do well. On Monday last, a stranger would have judged that the "big show" was already open, for the throngs that visited the spot on that day had to be counted by thousands. We did hope to see the Exhibition opened by the first of June, but we fear it will be late in that month when the opening will take pace.

The Nine Days' Wonder.

At the expiration of nine days, we ind the excitement, attendant on the late rail-road *accident,* has settled down into a quiet and subdued feeling of satisfaction at the result. The very wise verdict of the Norwalk Jury should be engraved in letters of *brss,* and *leather* medals awarded to the *persns* composing the Jury. *Was money or liquor plenty in the Jury room?*

New Mode of Making Change.

Our article in last week's *Clipper,* in relation to the new mode of making change, on the dollars and cents system, seems to have given much satisfaction, and were the people to carry into practice what we suggested, the satisfaction would be still greater. The Sunday Courier had an article in on the same subject. This is the only city in the Union, we believe, where the shillings and pence currency is used, and now that the new denominations of coin are being plentifully circulated, we hope to see it abolished here. Keep the ball in motion.

Monkeys.

Chinese ingenuity has succeeded in teaching monkeys to gather tea on those spots which are not accessible to man, but at the hazard of life. We employ many of them in New York to follow the ladies up and down Broadway.

Indians about.

Forty Choctaw Indians, men and women dressed in their *natural* costume, are coming to the Crystal Palace Exhibition.

The Turf.

UNION COURSE, L. I.—TROTTING.

Monday, May 16, match $500, mile heats, best three in five, in harness.

J. Ryerson names g. g. Alvarado	1	2	1	1
Mr. Quakenbush names b. g. May Fly	2	1	2	2

Time, 2:19—2:55½—2:48—2:55½.

TELEGRAPHIC.

THE CONTEST ON THE HUNTING PARK COURSE FOR A PURSE OF $2000.

Philadelphia, May 17, 8 P. M.

About one thousand persons were present at the Hunting Park Trotting Course to-day, to witness the trot between Tacony, Flora Temple, and Black Douglass, for a purse of $2000, mile heats, best three in five, in harness. Tacony was drawn, and the trot was between Flora Temple and Black Douglass. Flora Temple won in three straight heats easily.

Time, 2:32½—2:35½—2:31½.

Before starting, the horse was the favorite, consequently a large amount of money changed hands.

Magnificent Clipper Race.

NEW YORK AGAINST BOSTON—CHALLENGE FOR TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS BETWEEN THE CLIPPER SHIPS YOUNG AMERICA, OF NEW YORK, AND THE SOVEREIGN OF THE SEAS, OF BOSTON.

We extract the following correspondence from the New York Herald of Monday last. While we delight in the friendly trials of speed between American Clippers, we should much prefer to have a shy at some of the fast sailers of England.

It will be seen by the following letters, that Mr. Wm. H. Webb, the eminent New York ship builder, has taken up the gauntlet for New York, by accepting the challenge lately made by the owners or friends of the Sovereign of the Seas, to back her against any ship afloat. The Young America is a new vessel, yet untried, and Mr. Webb must have great confidence in the sailing qualities of this, his last production, to back her against so well proved an antagonist as the Sovereign of the Seas.

JAMES GORDON BENNETT, EDITOR N. Y. HERALD.

No. 8 South William Street,
May 14, 1853.

DEAR SIR—A challenge having been made in the *Evening Post* of Thursday last, by the owners of the ship Sovereign of the Seas, I beg to enclose an acceptance of the same for $10,000 by William H. Webb, Esq., the builder of the ship Young America. Very respectfully yours,

GEORGE DANIELS,
Owner of the ship Young America.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW YORK HERALD.

New York, May 14, 1853.

DEAR SIR—My attention having been called to an article in the *Evening Post,* of Thursday last, headed "The clipper ship Sovereign of the Seas—A challenge to the world," I wish to state in reply, that I am ready to bet the sum of ten thousand dollars on the ship Young America, Captain D. S. Babcock, the last ship of my construction, and now loading at the foot of Dover street, East River, against the ship Sovereign of the Seas.

The trial to be made on the terms proposed, viz., from New York to San Francisco, both vessels loaded, and to sail together, or within thirty days of each other.

Yours respectfully,
WM. H. WEBB.

Theatrical Criticism.

We attended the Bowery a few evenings since to witness the representation of the play of Norman Leslie. It is our desire not to criticize the performances of the leading characters, but to follow out the minor parts, and to point out such defects as are too apparent to a *keen* observer. In the trial scene the jury was not complete, there being but nine instead of twelve gentlemen of the jury; this is trifling in itself, yet it has a bad effect. Again, the foreman of this jury of the nine seemed to feel the responsibility of his situation in a degree most *too awful;*—when he was asked how *stood* the jury, he looked round upon them, and observing that a couple of them were not *standing,* he looked very black at them, and in a moment they *stood* with the other jurors—by this time he had forgotten his part, and the question was again put, "How say you, is the prisoner at the bar guilty or not guilty?" This was a solemn moment, and the eyes and ears of the entire audience were fixed upon the mouth of the bewildered foreman of that jury of nine. It was at this moment that horror was depicted upon his unhappy countenance—a *fifty pound weight* might have been heard to fall, yet he stood there the impersonation of the "sleeping beauty"—lovely in his unmeaning looks, and fresh as the "dewy twilight." A few whispering hisses woke the foreman from his dreamless nap, and in accents sweet and silvery as the cooing dove, he answered, "Not guilty" This character, "in the hands of men entirely great, is mightier" than that of the gentlemen who carry off the tables. Next week we intend to criticize the performances of these gentlemen, who are much neglected by the newspaper press.

The Turf.

UNION COURSE, L. I.—TROTTING.

Monday, May 16, match $500, mile heats, best three in five, in harness.

J. Ryerson names g. g. Alvarado 1 2 1 1
Mr. Quakenbush names b. g. May Fly 2 1 2 2

Time, 2:49—2:55½—2:48—2:55½.

TELEGRAPHIC.

THE CONTEST ON THE HUNTING PARK COURSE FOR A PURSE OF $2000.

Philadelphia, May 17, 8 P. M.

About one thousand persons were present at the Hunting Park Trotting Course to-day, to witness the trot between Tacony, Flora Temple, and Black Douglass, for a purse of $2000, mile heats, best three in five, in harness. Tacony was drawn, and the trot was between Flora Temple and Black Douglass. Flora Temple won in three straight heats easily.

Time, 2:32½—2:35¼—2:31¼.

Before starting, the horse was the favorite, consequently a large amount of money changed hands.

Magnificent Clipper Race.

NEW YORK AGAINST BOSTON—CHALLENGE FOR TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS BETWEEN THE CLIPPER SHIPS YOUNG AMERICA, OF NEW YORK, AND THE SOVEREIGN OF THE SEAS, OF BOSTON.

We extract the following correspondence from the New York Herald of Monday last. While we delight in the friendly trials of speed between American Clippers, we should much prefer to have a shy at some of the fast sailers of England.

It will be seen by the following letters, that Mr. Wm. H. Webb, the eminent New York ship builder, has taken up the gauntlet for New York, by accepting the challenge lately made by the owners or friends of the Sovereign of the Seas, to back her against any ship afloat. The Young America is a new vessel, yet untried, and Mr. Webb must have great confidence in the sailing qualities of this, his last production, to back her against so well proved an antagonist as the Sovereign of the Seas.

JAMES GORDON BENNETT, EDITOR N. Y. HERALD.

No. 8 South William Street,
May 14, 1853.

DEAR SIR—A challenge having been made in the *Evening Post* of Thursday last, by the owners of the ship Sovereign of the Seas, I beg to enclose an acceptance of the same for $10,000 by William H. Webb, Esq, the builder of the ship Young America.

Very respectfully yours,
GEORGE DANIELS,
Owner of the ship Young America.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW YORK HERALD.

New York, May 14, 1853.

DEAR SIR—My attention having been called to an article in the *Evening Post*, of Thursday last, headed "The clipper ship Sovereign of the Seas—A challenge to the world," I wish to state in reply, that I am ready to bet the sum of ten thousand dollars on the ship Young America, Captain D. S. Babcock, the last ship of my construction, and now loading at the foot of Dover street, East River, against the ship Sovereign of the Seas.

The trial to be made on the terms proposed, viz., from New York to San Francisco, both vessels loaded, and to sail together, or within thirty days of each other.

Yours respectfully,
WM. H. WEBB.

Theatrical Criticism.

We attended the Bowery a few evenings since to witness the representation of the play of Norman Leslie. It is our desire not to criticize the performances of the leading characters, but to follow out the minor parts, and to point out such defects as are too apparent to a *keen* observer. In the trial scene the jury was not complete, there being but nine instead of twelve gentlemen of the jury; this is trifling in itself, yet it has a bad effect. Again, the foreman of this jury of the nine seemed to feel the responsibility of his situation in a degree most *too awful*;—when he was asked how *stood* the jury, he looked round upon them, and observing that a couple of them were not *standing*, he looked very black at them, and in a moment they *stood* with the other jurors—by this time he had forgotten his part, and the question was again put, "How say you, is the prisoner at the bar guilty or not guilty?" This was a solemn moment, and the eyes and ears of the entire audience were fixed upon the mouth of the bewildered foreman of that jury of nine. It was at this moment that horror was depicted upon his unhappy countenance—a *fifty pound weight* might have been heard to fall, yet he stood there the impersonation of the "sleeping beauty"—lovely in his unmeaning looks, and fresh as the "dewy twilight." A few whispering hisses woke the foreman from his dreamless nap, and in accents sweet and silvery as the cooing dove, he answered, "Not guilty." This character, "in the hands of men entirely great, is mightier" than that of the gentlemen who carry off the tables. Next week we intend to criticize the performances of these gentlemen, who are much neglected by the newspaper press.

Talk on 'Change.

There was a full attendance on the board, and a good deal of feeling seemed to agitate the members in regard to the contemplated rail road from the Five Points to the Tombs. Several gentlemen expressed themselves ready to subscribe as soon as the books were opened. It was wondered if Reporters and Editors would have free tickets furnished them, or would they have to pay their own way. An alderman present stated that the board of Aldermen and persons connected with the Press would have a free pass donated to them, in consideration of the information they would be able to lay before the public.

The Directors of the Crystal Palace were censured for their tardy movements, and it was suggested that the day of opening the Palace be announced to the public through The NEW YORK CLIPPER, the following week.

There was talk about the falling off in the circulation of the *Sun*, and it was urged that the working men were the cause of it, on account of the hostility of that journal to the recent strikes.

The good effects of the anniversaries just concluded in our city were commented on, and a recommendation made to encourage this branch of business, as it was the means of bringing a large amount of cash into the hands of our citizens.

The conversation turned upon the case of the colored child claimed by two parents. A gentleman stated that white ladies were getting extremely fond of colored children, as the recent extraordinary case in Brooklyn, and this case would seem to show. It was not thought that this matter was brought about by reading Uncle Tom's Cabin, but that too close an intimacy was existing between the white and colored races.

Some talk took place as to a proper celebration of the coming 4th of July. It was thought advisable to caution strangers as to our custom of firing of guns, pistols, &c., as those not acquainted with our ways, might construe it into an attempt at shooting.

At this point the board separated.

Captain Kyd.

As up to within a year or two past, the searches for the Kyd treasure have been persevered in by people without means, we extract the following for their benefit, showing the amount of treasure found buried on Gardiner's Island, and which, in all probability, is all that was buried by Kyd on that Island. We are indebted to an old and valuable work for the extract mentioned:

"It having been ascertained that he (Kyd) had buried treasure upon this island, commissioners were sent by Governor Bellamont, who obtained the same, and for which they gave the following receipt:

"A true account of all such gold, silver, jewels, and merchandize, late in the possession of Captain William Kidd, which had been seized and secured by us, pursuant to an order from his Excellency, Richard, Earl of Bellamont, bearing date July 7, 1699.

Received, the 17th instant, of Mr. John Gardiner, viz.

		Ounces
No. 1.	One bag of dust-gold	63¾
2.	One bag of coined gold and one of silver	11 124
3.	One bag of dust-gold	24¾
4.	One bag of silver rings, and sundry precious stones	4⅞
5.	One bag of unpolished stones	12½
6.	One piece of crystal, cornelian rings, two agates, two amethysts	
7.	One bag silver buttons and lamps	
8.	One bag of broken silver	173½
9.	One bag of gold bars	353¼
10.	One do.	238½
11.	One bag of dust-gold	59½
12.	One bag of silver bars.	309

SAMUEL SEWALL,
NATHANIEL BYFIELD,
JEREMIAH DUMMER,
ANDREW BELCHER,
Commissioners."

This was the treasure taken from vessels captured by Captain Kyd,

"As he sailed, as he sailed."

Dr. Kane.

Dr. Kane, the leader of the second Grinnell Arctic Expedition, who has been sick for some time, it is now thought will be *able* to start in a few weeks.

Courteous Notices.

We continue to be so crowded with flattering notices from contemporaries that we decline all further talk on the subject.

The Last Injunction.

It is said that an injunction is about to be granted, restraining the boys in the pit of the National Theatre from throwing pea-nut shells at the spectators in the boxes. A motion will be made to squash it.

Penny Wise and Pound Foolish.

It will be remembered that some time ago the Pilots on the different ferry boats struck for an increase of wages, but their demand was refused, and green hands put in their places, and entrusted with the lives of the passengers, in their passage across the East and North Rivers. Many accidents have taken place since the change, and several persons were seriously injured. One of the persons injured brought a suit against the Union Company last week for damages, and the jury awarded him $6,000. Comment is unnecessary.

Something New.

Chinese Gongs are advertising in the London papers. One for 46s. will effectually frighten a thief; one for 60s. will appal a burglar: one for 80s. will alarm the country for miles round.

Wonder how much they would ask for one to frighten a New York Alderman?

Uncle Tom.

It is said that Rev. Josiah Henson, a colored preacher and fugitive slave, who resides at Down, Canada West, is the real Uncle Tom represented in Mrs. Stowe's book. This will be good news for those who sorrowed over poor Uncle Tom's latter end.

HARRY BROOME AND HARRY ORME.—THE STAKES GIVEN UP.—On Thursday evening, says Bell's Life of May 1, a large and respectable muster of the Fancy was congregated at Mr. Ledger's, Star Tavern, Belgrave-mews, Belgrave-square, to witness the ceremony of handing over to Harry Broome the £500 for which he and Orme had contended on Monday week. Both combatants were present, and had almost entirely recovered from the effects of the encounter. Orme, beyond a few streaks of a ruby hue on each ogle, and a slight swelling of the kissing organs, was scatheless. The Champion had a plaster over the left brow, where he had been severely cut, and a considerable abrasion on his conk; but otherwise was little the worse for wear. The stakeholder, who attended in person, shortly addressed the company and the late combatants. He congratulated the sporting world upon the good effect the battle had had in amending the aspect of fistic affairs, and expressed his hopes that the good example that had been set would not be thrown away. A fairer or more manly contest from end to end, he said, had not been seen for years; there had been a determined struggle for the palm, and he was bound to state that he believed victory had decided in favor of the better man.

A SERENADE CUT SHORT.—A "gent" of mind romantic went forth and stopped beneath the window of a mansion in the South, where lives a fair and queenly dame. There, with pulsive finger, did he touch his instrument, which echoed to his lay of love, and in music's voice of silver sweetness did answer make unto his passion's plaint. Thus he sung:

"Ah! tell me where is fancy bred?"

And no farther did he sing; for a domestic of the sex feminine, and of Afric's line and lineage, did the window open and thus addressed the minstrel:

"Look heah, you, dar b'low! we'se had two monkeys, two organs, tree tamboreens, and a triangle heah to-day, young missus tink dat quite nuff. If you want to know whar de sell *fancy bread*, guss if you go to Massa Niehols, corner Camp and Natchez street, you find it dar in any quantity. Whoo! Go away white man!"

"Live and Let Live"

Oyster & Dining Saloon,

214 Broadway,

Opposite St. Paul's Church, New York.

James A. Walnut, }
Wm. H. Radford, } *Proprietors.*

LITERARY HALL,

No. 52 DIVISION STREET, ABOVE CHRISTIE.

The greatest Newspaper and Periodical Depot in the world—where all the Daily, Weekly, and Sunday Papers, Magazines, Periodicals, and Novels may be obtained as soon as published, together with Blank Books, Stationery, Grate Apron Cut Paper, &c. ROBERT P. ELLIOT, Agent.

Ap. 23-tf.

READING FOR THE MILLION.

Harpers' Magazine, one and sixpence; Putnam, Graham, and Godey, twenty cents.

All the Daily and Weekly Papers, and Periodicals, immediately on publication.

E. COZENS, News Agent,
Ap. 23 25 Hudson St., near Duane.

SULLIVAN HOUSE, No. 82 Chatham-st. The best of Ales, Wines, Liquors, &c., always on hand.

JAMES SULLIVAN, Proprietor.

BOWERY LITERARY EMPORIUM.—That old established stand, the "BOWERY NEWS HUT" (177 Bowery, near Delancy), still continues to supply all the Sunday, Weekly, and Daily Papers, as soon as published; also, the Magazines and Cheap Publications, when out, together with a general assortment of Blank Books and Stationery. Harpers' will not be sold at cost, (in imitation of several "busy B's" about town), but at the sufficiently low price of 18¾ cents. "Live and et live," is our motto.

CARPETINGS.

TREMENDOUS BARGAINS.

AT THE CELEBRATED LARGEST AND CHEAPEST CARPET ESTABLISHMENT IN THE UNITED STATES, No. 99 Bowery, New York,

HIRAM ANDERSON.

EIGHT SPACIOUS SALES ROOMS—WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

SALES ROOM No. 1.

CONTAINS THE MOST EXTENSIVE, FASHIONABLE, and handsome assortment of Hare's celebpated English and American Floor Oil Cloths, of the newest style, satin finish, marble, Italian, fresco, and scroll paintings, ever offered in this city, from 2s. 6d. to $1 the square yard of 1 to 8 yards wide.

SALES ROOM No. 2.

THERE ARE 250 PIECES OF THE CHOICEST, most beautiful and desirable patterns of English and American Ingrain Carpeting, at unparalleled low prices, from 5s. to 6s. 6d. per yard. Manufactured for our city sales.

SALES ROOM No. 3.

CONTAINS 300 PIECES OF ENGLISH AND American Imperial Three Ply Carpeting, of magnificent Scroll and Gothic figures, imported and manufactured to order, some of which cannot be found at any other establishment in the United States.

SALES ROOM No. 4.

CONTAINS 150 PIECES OF FINE INGRAIN CARPETING, of splendid new patterns, at astonishing low prices; 2s., 2s. 6d., 3s., 3s. 6d., and 4s. per yard.

SALES ROOM No. 5.

DISPLAYS A WONDERFUL VARIETY of ENGLISH DRUGGETS, 4 yards wide. Also, 3000 yards of Druggets 1½, 2, and 3 yards wide, at 3s. 3s. 6d., 4s. 5s. 6s. per yard. Also, magnificent Mosaic and Axminster Hearth Rugs, and 100 Tufted Rugs, at 20s.

SALES ROOM No. 6.

IS FULLY STOCKED WITH EVERY VARIETY of striped and figured STAIR and HALL CARPETING, at 2s., 2s. 6d., 3s. to 6s. per yard. Also, English Tapestry, Brussels and Velvet Stair Carpet at 7s. 8s. 9s. and 10s. per yard.

SALES ROOM No. 7.

ROYAL VELVET, Axminster, Tapestry, and Brussels Carpeting, imported from the celebrated English manufactories of John Crossly & Son, and Henderson's, expressly for our city trade. Also, Mosaic carpets of one entire piece, the size 16 feet by 21, and 12 feet 8 inches by 17 feet, worth $350.

SALES ROOM No. 8.

Are the PATENT TAPESTRY INGRAIN CARPETS, exhibited at the World's Fair, and to be exhibited at the New York Crystal Palace.

Also, Window Shades, at 6s., 8s., 12s., 16s and 20s. per pair; Table Covers, Plated and Brass Stair Rods, English Sheepskin, Adelaide and Tufted Parlor Door Mats.

Also, White and Checked Matting, 4-4, 5-4 and 6-4, and Cocoa Matting. All the above goods will be sold 20 per cent. less than any other establishment in the United States.

HIRAM ANDERSON,
99 BOWERY.

N.B.—Families and Merchants visiting the great metropolis, will find it much to their advantage to examine this enormous stock. feb25 3m

AN ACT FURTHER TO AMEND THE CHARTER OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK—PASSED APRIL 12, 1853.

The people of the State of New York, represented in Senate and Assembly, do enact as follows:

§ 1. The Legislative Powers of the Corporation of the City of New York, shall be vested in a board of Aldermen and a board of Councilmen, who, together, shall form the Common Council of the city.

The board of Aldermen shall consist of one Alderman from each ward, who shall be elected by the people of the respective wards, for two years. The Board of Councilmen shall consist of sixty members, to be elected from as many districts, who shall be sworn into office on the first Monday in January next, succeeding their election, and shall hold their offices for one year, and shall receive the same compensation as the Aldermen.

§ 2. The members of the Board of Aldermen first elected under this act shall be classified as follows:—On or before the first Tuesday in December succeeding the next general election, the Clerk of the City and County of New York shall, in the presence of the Mayor, Recorder and Comptroller, or a majority thereof, draw from a box to be provided for the purpose, in which two ballots shall have been deposited, having thereon respectively, either the word "odd" or the word "even" one ballot; if the ballot so drawn shall have thereon the word "odd," then the term of office of the Aldermen chosen from wards having an odd numerical designation shall expire on the first Monday of January, one thousand eight hundred and fifty-five; and in case the ballot having thereon the word "even" shall be drawn, then the term of office of the Aldermen having an even numerical designation shall expire on the first Monday of January, one thousand eight hundred and fifty-six. At all subsequent elections, Aldermen shall be elected for the full term of Two years.

§ 3. For the election of Councilmen, the said city shall be divided into sixty districts of contiguous territory, and as near as may be of equal population, each of which shall chose one Councilman. The Common Council shall so divide the city into such districts on or before the first Monday in September next, and thereafter within one year after the State and National census shall have been completed, the Common Council shall in like manner re-district said city.

§ 4. Every act, resolution or ordinance, appropriating money or involving the expenditure of money not rendered imperative under provisions of any State law, shall originate in the Board of Councilmen, but the Board of Aldermen may propose or concur with amendments as in other cases.

§ 5. A vote of two thirds of all the members elected to each board shall be necessary to pass any act, ordinance or resolution of the Common Council, which shall have been returned by the Mayor, with his objections.

§ 6. No Alderman shall hereafter sit or act as Judge in the Court of Oyer and Terminer, or in the Courts of General or Special Sessions, in the City and County of New York; but this section shall not prevent his exercising the power of a magistrate on the arrest, commitment, or bailing of offenders, except that he cannot set the bail or discharge a person arrested or committed by another magistrate.

§ 7. All ferries, docks, piers and slips, shall be leased, and all leases and sales of public property and franchises, [other than grants of land under water, to which the owner of the upland shall have a pre-emption right,] shall be made by public auction, and to the highest bidder who will give adequate security, [no lease hereafter given except as the same may be required by covenants of the corporation already existing, shall be for a longer period than ten years,] and all ferry leases shall be revocable by the Common Council for mismanagement or neglect to provide adequate accommodation. All persons requiring any ferry lease or franchise under the provisions of this act, shall be required to purchase, at a fair appraised valuation, the boats, buildings, and other property of the former lessees actually necessity for the purposes of such ferry. Previous notice of all sales referred to in this section, shall be given under the direction of the Comptroller for thirty days, in the newspapers employed by the corporation.

§ 8. No bids shall be accepted from, or contract awarded to any person who is in arrears to the corporation upon debt or contract, or who is a defaulter, as security or otherwise, upon any obligation to the corporation.

§ 9. No money shall be expended by the corporation for any celebration, procession, or entertainment of any kind, or on any occasion, except for the celebration of the Anniversary of the National Independence, the 25th of November, (Evacuation Day,) and the Anniversary of the Birth-day of Washington, unless by the vote of three-fourths of all the members elected in each board of the Common Council.

§ 10. No additional allowance, beyond the legal claim, under any contract with the corporation, or for any service on its account or to its employment, shall be allowed.

§ 11. The officers of the police, and policemen, shall hereafter be appointed by a board of Commissioners, consisting of the Mayor, Recorder, and City Judge.

§ 12. All work to be done, and all supplies to be furnished for the corporation, involving an expenditure of two hundred and fifty dollars, shall be by contract, founded on sealed bids or on proposals made in compliance with the public notice for the full period of ten days; and all such contracts, when given, shall be given to the lowest bidder with adequate security. All bids or proposals shall be opened by the heads of departments advertising for them in the presence of the Comptroller and such of the parties making them as may desire to be present.

§ 13. There shall be a bureau in the Department of Finance, to be called the "Auditing Bureau," and the chief officer thereof shall be "auditor of accounts." It shall revise, audit, and settle all accounts on which the city is concerned as debtor or creditor; it shall keep an account of each claim for or against the corporation and of the sums allowed upon each, and certify the same with reasons therefore, to the Comptroller. The Comptroller shall report to the Common Council once in ninety days, the name and decision of the auditor upon the same, together with the final action of the Comptroller thereon. All moneys drawn from the city treasury shall be upon vouchers for the expenditure thereof examined and allowed by the Auditor, and approved by the Comptroller.

§ 14. Every person who shall promise, offer, or give, or cause, or aid, or abet in causing to be promised, offered, or given, or furnish, or agree to furnish, in whole or in part, to be promised, offered, or given to any member of the Common Council, or to any officer of the corporation after his election as such member, or before or after he shall have qualified and taken his seat, any money, goods, right of action, or other property, or anything of value, or any pecuniary advantage, present or prospective, with intent to influence his vote, opinion, judgment or action, on any question, matter, cause or proceeding which may be then pending, or may by law be brought before him in his official capacity, shall, upon conviction, be imprisoned in a state prison for a term not exceeding ten years, or shall be fined not exceeding five thousand dollars, or both, at the discretion of the court. Every officer in this section enumerated, who shall accept any such gift or any promise or undertaking, to make the same under any agreement or undertaking that his vote, opinion, judgment, or action shall be influenced thereby, or shall be given in any particular manner or upon any particular side of any question, matter, cause or proceeding then pending, or which may by law be brought before him in his official capacity, shall, upon conviction, be disqualified from holding any public office, trust, or appointment, under the charter of the city of New York, and shall forfeit his office, and shall be punished by imprisonment in a state prison not exceeding ten years, or by a fine not exceeding five thousand dollars, or both, in the discretion of the court. Every person offending against either of the provisions of this section shall be a competent witness against any other person offending in the same transaction, and may be compelled to appear and give evidence before any Grand Jury or in any court in the same manner as other persons, but the testimony so given shall not be used in any prosecution or proceeding, civil or criminal, against the person so testifying.

§ 15. No contract by the Supervisors shall be valid, unless expressly authorized by statute, and such as are authorized must be made in the manner provided in the twelfth section of this act.

§ 16. All ordinary appropriations, made for the support and government of the Alms House department, shall, before the same are finally paid be submitted to the Governors of the Alms House, to a board of commissioners, consisting of the Mayor, Recorder, Comptroller, the President of the Board of Aldermen and the President of the Board of Councilmen.

—If the said commissioners approve of the appropriations, they shall report the same to the Board of Supervisors; if they shall disapprove of the same, they shall return them with their objections to the Governors of the Alms House for reconsideration; and in case the said Governors shall, upon a reconsideration, adhere by a vote of two-thirds of all the governors then in office to the original appropriations, they shall return them to the Commissioners whose duty it shall be to report to the Board of Supervisors.

§ 17. The Board of Education shall also submit in like manner all appropriations required by them to the commissioners named in the first preceding section; and said appropriations shall be subject to all the provisions of said section, so far as the same may be applicable.

§ 18. All such parts of the charter of the city of New York and the several acts of the legislature amending the same, or in any manner affecting the same, as are inconsistent with this act are hereby repealed; but so much and such parts thereof as are not inconsistent with the provisions of this law, shall not be considered as repealed, altered or modified in any form affected thereby, but shall continue and remain in full force and effect.

§ 19. The power now vested in the Mayor, Aldermen, and Assistant Aldermen, in granting and revoking tavern licenses, together with all other powers as excise commissioners, shall be henceforth vested in the Mayor, with the Aldermen and Councilmen representing the district in which the premises of the party licensed or to be licensed may be located.

§ 20. This act shall be submitted to the approval of the electors of the city and county of New York, at an election to be held in the said city on the Tuesday next succeeding the first Monday in June, one thousand eight hundred and fifty-three. The tickets which shall be polled at such election shall contain either the words, 'in favor of amendments to charter,' or 'against amendments to charter;' and if a majority of all the persons voting thereon at such election shall vote the ticket 'In favor of amendments to charter,' this act shall become a law; if a majority of such electors shall vote the ticket 'against the amendments to charter,' this act shall be void.

§ 21. The Common Council are hereby authorized and directed to make all necessary arrangements, by ordinance or otherwise, for the conduct and regulating of all elections authorized under the provisions of this act, and in conformity, as far as may be, to the general election laws.

STATE OF NEW YORK, }
SECRETARY'S OFFICE. }

I have compared the preceding with the original law on file in this office, and do hereby certify the same to be a correct transcript therefrom, and of the whole of said original law.

Given under my hand and seal of office at the city of Albany, this sixteenth day of April, one thousand eight hundred and fifty-three.

ARCH'D CAMPBELL, Dep. Sec. of State.

The foregoing Act was directed to be published, once a week, in all the Daily and Weekly Newspapers of the city, until the 7th day of June. By order of the Common Council.

D. T. VALENTINE, Clerk C. C.

NEW YORK, April 23, 1853.

R. R. R.

LIFE, HEALTH, STRENGTH,

PURE BLOOD, SOUND BODY, AND CLEAR SKIN, IS INSURED TO ALL WHO TAKE RADWAY'S RENOVATING RESOLVENT.

ITS QUICK ACTION.

The moment this powerful Renovator of the Blood and Resolver of Disease is taken into the body, it commences its work of cleansing and purification.

Bones that are rotten with poisonous and diseased deposits, are made sound and whole by its action.

BAD BLOOD.

Blood that has become impregnated with corrupt humors and poisonous admixtures, is quickly cleansed and purified, and made clean and healthy.

DISEASED ORGANS.

Organs that have been deranged and prostrated, and rendered incapable of performing their natural functions, are suddenly invigorated and strengthened, and enabled to perform their natural duties.

IT REGENERATES

Every organ and member of the body; it makes sound, healthy and strong all weak, diseased and unsound parts.

DISEASED ACTION.

Wherever there is pain or uneasiness, or sores, or itching of the skin or parts of the body—wherever either one or more of the organs is unable to perform its functions in a natural way,

RADWAY'S RENOVATING RESOLVENT

Will quickly resolve away from the system the cause of all diseased action, and restore each and every organ to their natural strength and vigor.

LADIES IN ILL HEALTH,

Suffering from unnatural drains and all other complaints incident to females, are assured that RADWAY'S RENOVATING RESOLVENT will invigorate, regenerate, and make sound and healthy, the unsound parts of each and every organ that is in a diseased and unnatural condition.

THE TREE IS KNOWN BY ITS FRUITS,

But many trees bear no fruit at all. RADWAY'S RENOVATING RESOLVENT will remove all unnatural causes from the generative organs, and will assist the procreative functions in their natural duties.

Let none despair of bearing good fruit; for, as sure as the Renovating Resolvent is taken, the tree will blossom, and in due time bring forth its fruits, free from disease or any hereditary ailments.

WEAKNESS

In Male or Female is quickly cured, and the debilitated and emaciated made strong, vigorous, and healthy. Impotence and Nocturnal Emissions in men, or diseases of either one or more of the generative organs is quickly removed, and the body restored to a healthy and sound condition.

LOW SPIRITS—NERVOUSNESS.

In WOMEN, the numerous complaints and ailments which cast such gloom over their spirits, a few doses of the Renovating Resolvent will quickly remove, and make the most NERVOUS, GLOOMY, and DEPRESSED feel HEALTHY, STRONG and HAPPY.

BAD BLOOD

Makes bad flesh, unsound bones, weak nerves, lame joints, and in fact an unhealthy body. Let the blood be tainted or impregnated with poison, and the parts of the system formed of poisonous blood will likewise become diseased. RADWAY'S RENOVATING RESOLVENT will make the blood pure and healthy, renovate every organ and secretion of the system, and resolve away all diseased and unhealthy deposits.

SKIN DISEASES.

RADWAY'S RENOVATING RESOLVENT is a quick and powerful Sudorific. It acts upon the skin and its secretions, freeing this organ from all corrupt visitations, cleansing its pores from poisonous humors, and freeing its external layer or surface from Sores, Blotches, Pimples, and other disfigurements.

PUTRID FLESH.

A man, aged 40, in his youth was indiscreet and contracted a loathsome disease which threatened his life. He was a victim of ill-treatment—he was salivated with mercury, and for years his body has been covered with foul and corrupt humors. He commenced the use of RADWAY'S RENOVATING RESOLVENT. He had used but one bottle when all the mercurial deposits were driven out of his system. He is now well.

SALT RHEUM.

The most obstinate cases of Salt Rheum will quickly yield to the RENOVATING RESOLVENT. One gentleman, who supposed that this complaint was hereditary in his family, and had been affected with Salt Rheum since his birth, was cured by the use of a few bottles of the Renovating Resolvent, and the

POISONOUS RHEUM

ENTIRELY ERADICATED FROM HIS SYSTEM.

SCROFULOUS DISEASES.

Diseases that have been lingering in the system for five, ten, or twenty years, where the human body itself is part and parcel of diseased matter, where the bones have become soft and carious, causing the ends of them to ulcerate—where Nodes, Bronchital Swellings, Tumors, Ulcers, and Cancers afflict the system—where Syphilis in its many forms, like a leprosy, burns within the human body, spreading its poisonous flame to every organ of the system,

RADWAY'S RENOVATING RESOLVENT

has speedily Resolved away all corrupt and poisonous material—Renovated the system—purified the blood, and built up a new body with new and healthy blood.

RADWAY'S RENOVATING RESOLVENT

is sold by Druggists generally.

BRUISES.

Radway's Ready Relief, applied to a bruise or wound, will instantly allay the pain and prevent the skin from becoming discolored. Gentlemen who indulge in pugilistic amusements, should keep by them a bottle of R. R. R.; if any accident should occur, by which their skin would be bruised or personal appearance disfigured, an application of R. R. R. will remove all difficulties, and keep the skin whole and sound.

Price of R. R. Relief $1.00, 50 and 25 cts.

RADWAY & CO.,
162 Fulton street.

Sold by Druggists everywhere.

while wrestling in his brother's parlor. and this led to his retirement from the Ring. When about twenty-one years of age he married, and became host of the Opera Tavern, Haymarket, where he carried on business until overtaken by misfortune two years ago. He had now increased from a middle to a heavy weight, and began to think of once more trying his hand in the P. R. A quarrel took place between him and the Tipton Slasher, whom he had hitherto assisted, and Harry staked a small deposit for a match between the Tipton and an unknown. On meeting subsequently to draw articles, considerable surprise was occasioned by Harry at once announcing that he in *propriâ personâ* was the "Simon Pure." Many said he must be mad, while others shook their heads and muttered their opinions that "Mr Barney" was to find some of the money on one side or the other. However, the match went on, and Broome did his best to get himself into condition, but his creditors, who were not disposed to await the chance of the battle in order to obtain their dues, gave him but little rest; he was compelled to shift from place to place, got but little exercise, and finally, when he appeared at the scratch, was in far better condition to play Falstaff without stuffing than to contend against such a giant as the Tipton Slasher for the Championship of England. Nevertheless, with all these drawbacks, he proved that he had the right sort of stuff within him, if he could only be got into condition. Although by far the weaker man, he displayed consummate powers as a wrestler and cross-buttocked his opponent, and threw him repeatedly in other ways, with great severity. The Slasher was not idle the while, but not being gifted, as is well-known, with any astonishing scientific acquirements, he made but little impression upon Broome. The latter, however, became much exhausted by his own exertions in wrestling, and between the rounds was compelled to lie on his back to recover his wind. In the last two or three rounds he fell weak on his knees, and the battle terminated by the Slasher striking him while in that position, and thus losing his title. That the blow was foul is unquestionable, but that it was intentionally so we think extremely doubtful. Be this as it may, however, the matter is now settled, and it is not worth while to re-open the argument. This battle took place on the 29th of September, 1851, at Mildenhall, in Suffolk, and since that time Broome was permitted to wear his laurels undisputed until October last, when Harry Orme, with laudable ambition, threw down the gauntlet, and the match now under consideration was the result.

Harry Orme, like Broome, was born in 1826—his native place being, we believe, Old Ford. He made his first appearance in the P. R., December 18, 1849, with Aaron Jones, for £20 a side, on Frimley Green. It was a hard fought battle, and lasted 2h 45 min, during which time 40 rounds were contested, Orme ultimately being declared the winner. On the 6th of May, 1851, he met the brave and accomplished Nat Langham, for £50 a side at Lower Hope Point. Langham was the favorite at long odds, his superior skill, height, and length, combined with extraordinary resolution, being considered quite sufficient to justify the confidence of his friends, although he was in anything but good condition, his frame being much emaciated, and he being altogether out of sorts. He was, moreover, some 6lb or 7lb lighter than his hardy opponent. The fight was long and varied; 117 rounds were gone through in two hours and 56 minutes, and Victory hung in the balance almost to the last minute. Langham, by his superior skill, had contrived nearly to blind his adversary, who continued to bore in with untiring resolution round after round, using his dangerous right with telling effect upon poor Nat's ribs. The latter got weaker and weaker, and of course fell off in the severity of his blows, until at length nature completely deserted him, and he fell, defeated, but not disgraced. Orme, who had taken his punishment without a murmur, was nearly blinded at the conclusion, and it was by many thought that, could Langham have stood ten minutes longer, he must have been "first past the post." A year now elapsed before Orme was called upon to re-enter the roped arena. On the 10th of May, last year, he again met Aaron Jones, who appeared not to have been satisfied with his former defeat, and who imagined that he was now better able to cope with Orme than when they had met before, he having been under 20 years of age when first he fought, and being now some three-and-twenty, and of course more matured. They met at Bourne Bridge, near Newmarket, for £100 a side, and after a few rounds had been contested in favor of Orme, were compelled to decamp, the Cambridgeshire mounted constabulary having made their unwelcome appearance at the ring side. An adjournment to Newmarket Heath took place, but here after a few rounds, which were considered to be materially in favor of Jones, who forced the fighting, the "Bobbies" again rushed in to the arena and stayed proceedings. The total number of rounds fought were 23, and the time occupied was 33 minutes. The referee named a third place of meeting, but on arriving on the ground, the friends of Jones advised him not to fight any more, and he, foolishly following their advice, pertinaciously refused to re-enter the ring; and the referee, therefore, awarded the stakes to Orme. An action at law was commenced against the stakeholder by some of Jones's backers, but was, upon mature reflection, withdrawn. This brings us down to the present match, which was originally fixed to come off on the 12th instant, but owing to that being the day of the Newmarket Handicap, the men and their friends, on the 23d of March last, signed a supplemental agreement to postpone the match until Monday, the 18th.

The following full account of the fight is from Bell's Life:

APPEARANCE AND CONDITION OF THE MEN.

On toeing the scratch, there was a very perceptible difference in the appearance of the men. Broome overtopped his adversary a good two inches, and was proportionably longer in reach. His weight, we are told, did not exceed 12st 5lb, but of this he might well have spared half a stone. There was much loose flesh about his back, chest, and ribs, and although he was evidently in rude health, he had not been drawn fine enough to stand a long day's work under such a burning sun as shone down upon the combatants during the fight. Broome stands about 5 feet 10½ inches, is broad shouldered, and well put together, and, had he been permitted to take that pains with himself requisite to make him fit, he would have been about as awkward a customer as could have been well conceived. As it was, however, he was so much harassed with law and other proceedings, that he could not pay that attention to his training that he otherwise would have done. We think at 11st 8lb his condition would be about perfection. His attitude, as he stood awaiting the attack, was perfection, and, had it not been for his fat, he would have looked all over a gladiator. Orme, whose color is almost mahogany, is barely 5ft 8in in height, but is a thick set, powerful fellow, with a frame of iron, long arms, a perfect bull neck, and a pair of understandings fit for an Atlas. His weight was about 11st 8lb, and of this about 2lb was superfluous stuff. His attitude, when on the defensive, is not graceful, but he looks rough and ready, his dangerous right being across his mark, but always ready to be dashed out at the least opening on his adversary's ribs. It was clear that there was a determination on both sides "to do or die," and the spectators made up their minds that their were in for a good thing. Before the men entered the ring the betting was 6 and 7 to 4 on Broome, but these odds were previous to the fight increased to 2 to 1, at which price a good deal of business was done. The colors having been duly tied to the stakes (blue and white spot for Broome; green, with small white rings thereon, for Orme), the signal was given that all was in readiness, and "time" was called.

THE FIGHT.

Round 1. Broome, after one or two feints, approached his man, and attempted to draw him, but Orme was wary, and stepped back. They both then advanced and retreated several times, Broome repeatedly making attempts to kid his man within reach, but Orme was too wary. Broome scratched his ear, as endeavoring to rouse an idea what to do next, when Orme approached and lunged out heavily with his right, out of distance; Broome then let fly both hands, but was neatly stopped. Orme now went up to his man and sent out both mauleys, but Broome jumped away. More sparring and fiddling, Orme several times stopping Broome's left. At length Broome crept close again, lunged out one, two—his left was stopped, but his right just reached the left side of Orme's nut; Orme returned very heavily with his right on the ribs, and, after receiving a gentle tap on the forehead from Broome's left, the latter closed, and both rolled over. This round lasted eight minutes, and at once showed to the spectators that Orme was much better on his legs and cleverer at stopping than the public had given him credit for.

2. Again did each man make ineffectual feints out of distance. Broome at length let go his left, but Orme jumped cleverly away. Broome tried it again, but was stopped. "There's luck in odd numbers," however, for, in a third attempt, he got home heavily on Orme's left peeper, and then on his mouth, and, on Orme rushing at him to make a return, Broome turned his back and ran round the ring. They quickly got together again, when, after one or two very slight exchanges, Orme got down.

3. Broome, on nearing his man, led off with his left, and reached Orme's kissing trap. Sharp counter hits followed, Orme reaching Broome's left ogle with his right, and Broome getting heavily home on Orme's right eye. A few weaving half-arm hits followed to a close, and both were down, Orme under.

4. Broome feinted with his left, but it was no go. At length he succeeded in drawing Orme, who rattled at him, when Broome propped him heavily on the left peeper, drawing *first blood* from a cut on the brow. Some heavy exchanges followed, Orme delivering his right with terrific force on Broome's ribs three times, and receiving heavy spanks in return on his right ogle and mouth, drawing more claret, and in the end, as Orme lunged out with his right, his head came forward, and Broome administered a terrific upper cut in the mark, which doubled him up completely. Orme turned round, and gradually fell to the ground. It was now thought to be all over, but Orme, being in good condition, quickly rallied.

5. Orme on coming up showed marks of Broome's visitations on his right peeper, which was beginning to close, while the marks on Broome's ribs proved that Orme's right had done him good service in that quarter. Broome dodged his man, and on Orme poking his head forwards, instantly dashed in his left on the dexter optic. He tried to repeat it, but was stopped. Both now let fly out of distance, crept close, and Broome made his one, two, on the right eye and side of Orme's canister. Orme returned with severity on the ribs, and then on Broome's mouth. A pause ensued, during which Broome put down his hands. On lifting them again he approached Orme, planted one hand on the forehead, and the other on the left lug, and cleverly jumped away from Orme's return. Broome made two attempts to repeat the dose, but Orme got quickly away. Orme now took a turn, swung out his right heavily on the ribs, and got away. Long sparring followed, during which the perspiration came from Broome's every pore—the sun was insufferably hot for the time of year, and must have been distressing to both men. Caution was now the order of the day, until Broome got within distance, when he sent out his left and caught Orme on the right eye, but not heavily; this he repeated, when Orme again swung out his right, catching Broome heavily on the ribs, and jumped away. Some wild hitting out of distance succeeded, but, on their getting steadier, Broome let go his left spank on Orme's mouth, and jumped away; again he crept close, made his one, two heavily on the left and right cheek, drawing claret from the latter. On Orme attempting to rush in, Broome again turned tail and ran across the ring. Orme followed him up, when Broome jumped quickly round and delivered his left heavily on the right cheek. Orme countered him heavily on the mazzard—received another spank on the right cheek, when Broome once more turned his back and retreated. Long sparring for wind now took place, after which there was some mutual stopping. Broome at length caught Orme sharply on the mouth and right cheek, which brought them to a rally, in which Orme's right was excessively busy on Broome's ribs, while the returns of Broome did no execution. The repeated "thuds" on his ribs made Broome wince, and screw himself up, evidently with pain; he retired, blowing—while Orme (instead of following him up) stood in the middle of the ring, until Broome recovered himself. The latter now popped in his left on the right cheek, but Orme countered him with the left heavily on the nozzle, drawing claret from a cut on the bridge of that organ, which in Harry, as well as Johnny Broome, is slightly of the Roman order. Orme also caught Broome another spank on the ribs with his right, which led to heavy exchanges, in the course of which Broome reached Orme's mouth and right cheek, while the latter caught Broome a tremendous hit on the left eye-brow with his right, inflicting a deep perpendicular cut, and drawing the ruby in profusion. Broome retired, and wiped away the fluid as it ran into his ogle, Orme again refusing to profit by opportunity, and go in while his man was confused. Broome soon recovered his presence of mind, went at his man, and after some rattling exchanges, Orme was down, amidst the vociferous cheers of his friends, who considered that in this round he had infinitely the best of the hitting. It was a tremendous round, lasting sixteen minutes, during the greater part of which time the hitting was extremely severe.

6. Both came up puffing, and their countenances considerably changed since the last round. After a good deal of sparring out of distance, Broome opened the ball, just reaching Orme's nose with his left. A second attempt was frustrated by Orme jumping away, and lunging out his right most viciously at the body; luckily, however, for the champion, it did not reach him, or it would most assuredly have "found him at home." Broome again crept up, caught Orme on the potato-trap with his left, but was prettily stopped in a second attempt. He tried once more, reached Orme's left whisker bed, but napped it heavily on the sore spot, his left eyebrow, from which a fresh tap was instantly opened, Broome retreated to wipe away the carmine from his peeper, and as Orme attempted to follow him up, he met him with a straight shooter on the mouth, which opened up another spring: this caused Orme to rush in wildly, when he caught it severely on the smeller, from which more claret trickled—Broome then closed, and after a long struggle, threw and fell heavily on Orme.

7. Broome led off with his left, but was neatly stopped; he tried again left and right, and was again parried, Orme returning a stinger with his right on the left eye. Orme now took the initiative, dashed in regardless of consequences, and was propped heavily on the left eye. This led to tremendous counter-hits with the left, each getting well home on his opponent's smelling bottle. A ding-dong rally followed, both getting it severely on the mouth and nose, left and right, and Orme punchiug Broome's ribs with great severity. At length they closed, and rolled over together, Orme under.

8. Both came up much the worse for wear. They sparred cautiously for wind, until Broome got close and sent out his left, which Orme parried, and missed his return. Broome led off twice in succession; the first time Orme jumped away, but the second, Broome paid a visit to his right cheek. Orme then made his left on the chest, Broome returning with both hands on the side of his opponent's nut and his right cheek bone. Two more attempts were cleverly stopped by Orme, after which they rested a short time. Broome was first to re-commence; caught Orme on the left cheek, and received another awkward reminder on the left eyebrow from Orme's right sledge-hammer. Heavy exchanges followed, Orme getting well home on Broome's mug and nose, and Broome on the right ogle and mouth. Broome now resorted to his old system of turning his back and running away, Orme after him. Broome at length turned round, let out his left, but was countered heavily on the nozzle and mouth. Heavy hits were now exchanged, left and right, and in the end Orme caught Broome full on the point of his conk, drawing the ruby in profusion, and knocking the champion off his legs, the *first knock down* being awarded to Orme amidst vociferous cheering. This round, which, like the fifth, was extremely severe, lasted 12 minutes.

9. Broome came up snuffling; the crack on his snuff-box in the last round had evidently been a teazer. His left ogle was fast closing, and the hopes of the East Enders began to be in the ascendant. The betting receded almost to even money, and it was clear Broome had made the discovery that his adversary was no such catch as people had expected. He, nevertheless, opened the proceedings by dashing out his left, which was well stopped. Counter-hits followed, Broome reaching his opponent's left cheek, and receiving in return on the mouth. Broome next made play left and right, caught the gallant Orme heavily on each cheek, and then, closing, threw and fell on Orme. One hour had now elapsed.

10 Broome once more took the lead, but was prettily stopped. Heavy counter-hits followed, Broome on the nose and Orme on the left cheek. A close at the ropes succeeded, when Broome hugged Orme round the neck. Orme, however, punched away at his ribs until Broome released him, and Orme retreated to the centre of the ring, whither Broome followed him, and some heavy exchanges took place, Orme reaching Broome's nose and left peeper, and Broome punishing him severely on the mouth. In the end Orme got down.

11. Broome, the first to open the ball, caught Orme sharply on the ivory box with his left, drawing claret and loosening several of his head rails. Orme would not be stalled off, but immediately rattled in, when some heavy counter-hitting took place, each getting it severely on the nose and mouth. A break away and at it again. The hitting in this round was really tremendous, both men staggering away after the counters, and each having his cork drawn to some purpose. At length they closed, and after a slight struggle Orme got down.

12. Broome, in coming up, looked weak and distressed, Orme was also by no means in good order; both his cheeks were considerably swollen, and his mouth was "reethur" out of shape. Orme led off, but was well stopped. A second attempt from his right reached Broome's ribs very heavily, and caused the latter to wince like a galled horse. He quickly got over it, however, and dashed out his left on Orme's mouth. He tried again, but Orme stepped back, propping Master Broome on the sneezer with his left as he came in. Exchanges followed, Orme inflicting a fresh cut under Broome's left peeper, and receiving sharply on his damaged kissing trap. In the end Orme got down to avoid the fall.

13. Broome, after a little cautious sparring, let go his left and right, but was short, and Orme immediately returned on his right peeper; Broome retreated, and as Orme came after him, Broome sent out his left on the mouth again, drawing the cork freely. Broome now made attempts to get in his one, two, but on each occasion Orme was too quick for him, and jumped away. In a third attempt he reached Orme's smeller, a heavy nosender, which again tapped his best October. He repeated the dose on the mug, whereupon Orme dashed in, caught him on the left cheek with his right, closed, and after a short struggle, both were down.

14. Orme feinted with his left, and then dashed in his right on Broome's left ogle, a very heavy hit. Broome returned on the mouth, and then retreated; some sparring at a distance followed, and on their again getting close, Broome sent out both mawleys, but was cleverly stopped. Orme then popped in his left on the right cheek, and Broome, in getting away from further visitations, fell through the ropes.

15. Both slow to the call of "time," and on reaching the scratch they stood and looked at each other until Orme advanced, when Broome tried to meet him with his left, but Orme stopped him neatly twice, and at a third attempt jumped away. Orme then again crept in, and made his right tell heavily on the ribs. Broome now sent home his left and right on the left ogle and nose of Orme, repeated the dose on the nose and mouth heavily, and, as Orme dashed in with his right on the ribs, Broome caught him on the mark with his right, and Orme fell.

16. Orme, on coming up, appeared to have suffered severely from the upper-cut in the last round; he was evidently much shaken, in addition to which, both his eyes were gradually going. He nevertheless tried to lead off left and right, but his blows wanted powder. Broome returned on the left cheek, and then on the mouth, Orme's return being out of distance. Orme still persevered, but got propped heavily on the nose from Broome's left. Broome at length closed, when Orme punched him heavily on the ribs, but Broome succeeded in throwing and falling heavily on him.

17. Orme led off left and right, but was stopped; he then rushed in, and was propped heavily on the nose, and got down. Time, one hour and a half.

18. Broome rattled in left and right on the ogles of Orme, and got away. Orme followed him up, reached his chest with the left, and was propped heavily on the left cheek. Broome closed, and catching Orme round the neck, hugged him until Orme dropped on his knees. Orme then put his hands round Broome's thigh, but Broome got away, and walked to his corner. A claim of *foul* was made on the part of Broome, on the ground that he (Orme) had attempted to pull him over by catching him below the waistband. The claim, however, was not allowed, the referee believing that Orme was utterly unconscious as to where he had caught hold of Broome.

19. Broome again led off left and right, reaching Orme's cheek and mouth heavily. A close, and some infighting in favor of Broome, followed by a break away, and at it again, Broome delivering heavily on Orme's nose and eyes, and drawing claret from several bottles. In the end Broome closed, and threw his man again, making the pleasing addition of his own weight.

20. Both long in answering to the call of time, but Broome the first up. On getting close, Orme caught Broome on the ribs, and was countered sharply on the nose. Broome then took the lead, and planted on his right cheek heavily. This brought them to some sharp exchanges in favor of Broome. In the end, Orme got down on his knees, and Broome caught him on the *os frontis* with his left, while in that position. A claim of *foul* was now made by Orme's friends, but it was clear Broome's blow had started before Orme reached the ground, and could not have been withheld. The decision was again *fair*, and the mill proceeded.

21. Broome, after one or two feints, let go his left, reaching Orme's snorter with effect; slight exchanges ensued, and Orme again got down weak.

22. Broome, seeing his man was much shaken, at once went to work, caught Orme heavily on the left cheek, and closed at the ropes, where he hung on Orme; the latter pegged away at Broome's ribs, until he let him go, and Orme then planted his right heavily on Broome's left cheek. Tremendous exchanges followed, each staggering from the effects of the blows, Broome reaching Orme's left eye and nose, and he receiving on the left peeper and ribs. Broome then stepped back, and as Orme came again, caught him heavily on the left ogle, and Orme fell. Both were now much distressed, and lay on their backs on the ground until time was called.

23. Orme was the first at the scratch, and attempted to lead off, but Broome got cleverly away, and then went at his man, delivered both hands on the mouth and nose heavily, and jumped easily away from Orme's returns, which were sadly out of distance. Orme, however, followed him up, and although Harry met him full on the snout, he planted his dangerous right on the ribs with astonishing effect. He then reached Broome's sinister peeper heavily, drawing more of the Falernian wine, and finally shut up the shop. Rattling exchanges followed, Broome getting well home on the mouth, and receiving a slogging right-hander on the jaw, from the effects of which he staggered back, and fell in his corner.

24. Orme came up almost blind, but still he persevered; he feinted, and tried to get on to Broome, who stepped cleverly away, and waited for the attack. Orme did not keep him long in suspense, but dashed out left and right; the former was stopped, but the latter reached Broome's damaged peeper, drawing more blood. Broome, however, by way of retaliation, cross-countered him on the nose heavily, again drawing a crimson stream. Broome now walked to his corner, took a sponge and wiped his eye, and went at it again, caught Orme heavily on the point of the nose with his left, and Orme dropped on his knees, Broome again catching him a snorter just as he reached *terra firma*, giving rise to another appeal, which was not allowed.

25. Caution the order of the day, both evidently tired. Orme at last led off, and caught Broome with his right on the side of his cranium, on which Broome closed, and Orme immediately got down.

26. Orme led off with his left, but was short. Broome quickly returned one, two on his left cheek and mug, and got away from Orme's return. Orme persevered, and bored in, but Broome hit him straight on the cheek, Orme being again out of distance with his returns. At last he reached Broome's ribs with a heavy right-hander, and Broome returned on the mouth. Both now retired to their corners, and permitted their seconds to wipe their phisogs for them, and took a pull of "Adam's ale," after which refreshing ceremony they once more returned to the scratch, and Broome let fly his left on Orme's left cheek, closed, and after a short struggle both were down. Two hours had now expired.

27. Broome set a good example by dashing out his left on Orme's right cheek, which led to slight exchanges at the ropes. Orme then walked to the middle of the ring, whither Broome followed, gave him a spank in the left eye, and walked away. He again approached his man, caught him heavily on the mouth, and in return received another rib-bender from Orme's right. Broome now made his right tell on Orme's ribs, and in getting away from the return fell.

28. Orme, although almost in darkness, led off with his right on the ribs—he attempted a repetition, but Broome caught him heavily on the mouth and then on the nose. After some slight exchanges in favor of Broome, they again retired to their corners and had a rest, and came at it again; Orme was receiver-general, and in the end got down.

29. Orme again led off, but was well stopped; he tried it yet once more, but from the style of his hitting it was pretty clear he could scarce see his adversary. He, however, reached Broome's ribs heavily after one or two attempts, and Broome missed a well intended upper cut in return. The latter, however, soon approached his now fast sinking adversary, delivered his left and right heavily on Orme's left ogle and smeller, drawing a fresh supply of claret from the latter, and knocking his man down.

30. Orme came up very groggy and wild, but determined; he led off with his right, but Broome laughingly stept on one side: he tried again, but was stopped and received heavily on the left eye and mouth, and was again knocked down. His backers and seconds, seeing that it was useless to prolong the contest, wished to throw up the sponge, but the gallant fellow would not hear of it, and he lay on his back until the time was called, when he again went to the scratch for the

31st and last round. It was evident that he came up only to receive, and that he was struggling against nature; he was quite blind, and tremendously punished about the head, but was still tolerably strong on his pins. He led off wildly, but of course was out of distance. Broome then went to him, administered the *coup de grace*, in the shape of a gentle tap on the nose, and the brave fellow went to earth almost insensible. Tom Sayers now threw up the sponge, and Harry Broome was proclaimed the victor, and still Champion of England, amidst the vociferous cheers of his friends. The battle lasted exactly *two hours and eighteen minutes*. All being over, all at once made for the station to which the train had been removed, the vanquished man being conveyed there on a truck. The only personage left behind on the ground was Jem Burn, who, being still a martyr to the gout, declined attempting to walk a good mile along the railway to the station, and intimated his intention of remaining on the field of battle all night. All necessity for his imposing on himself such a penalty as this was, however, avoided by the engineer taking the engine and tender which had been attached to the train down the line to the place where "my nevy" was located, and bringing him up, seated on a heap of coke, to the door of the carriage in which his patrons were already seated. All now quickly ensconced themselves in the train, and the homeward journey was commenced about half-past four o'clock, and the metropolis was reached about eight o'clock, after many stoppages, all expressing themselves in the strongest terms of delight at the treat they had witnessed. On the homeward passage a collection was made for the game and resolute Orme, which we were glad to hear reached the handsome sum of £22. This will doubtless be considerably increased when the stakes are handed over to Broome.

REMARKS.

This battle appeared to take everybody by surprise. On the one hand, there had been rumors that Broome never intended fighting, that he could not possibly get himself anywhere near fit, and that the match would end in a juggle. On the other, it was asserted that Orme had over-reached himself, and was flying at too high game; that he would never be able to get on to Harry Broome, and must be beaten in half an hour. Our readers will perceive by the foregoing account that all the "croakers" were far enough from the mark. The fight was the best we have had for years between two big men. Broome has lost none of his scientific acquirements. He is a good straight hitter, clever at stopping, an excellent wrestler, and quick on his pins. He is, however, remarkably awkward in getting away when in difficulty—instead of jumping back, as we are accustomed to see others do, he turns his back and runs, leaving himself open to severe punishment from a cleverer tactician than Orme. Although he was much out of condition, and was hit very hard both in the ribs and on the frontispiece, and several times was in great difficulties, he persevered most gamely throughout, and took his punishment like a thorough glutton. Should he make another match, he ought to commence training much earlier than he did on the present occasion, and reduce himself certainly to 11st 10lb, which is the outside weight at which he ought to fight. If he does this, we think, looking at the way in which he fought on Monday, he will prove himself a tough customer to all comers, and the man who wrests the laurels of the Championship from him will have reason to be proud of his achievement. Orme, since his last battle with Aaron Jones, has wonderfully improved in science and quickness. On Monday, for a considerable length of time, Broome found it exceedingly difficult to get on to him; he could stop well, get away quickly, and directly he saw an opening, was ready with his dangerous right, which, as will be seen above, proved a dreadful teaser to the flesh-covered ribs of Broome. We consider him to be the severest hitter of the present day, and did he but understand leading off with his left, instead of giving his head, as he must necessarily do when he makes play with his right, would be "hard to beat." The knock-down blow on Broome's nose and jaw, and one or two of the punches in the ribs, administered early in the fight, were of such a nature as for the time to reduce Broome to a stand-still, and had Orme only possessed "devil" to follow up his advantage, things might have presented a very serious aspect as regarded Broome's chance of winning. By hinting that Orme did not possess "devil," we do not for an instant impute to him any want of courage; such a charge is instantly refuted by the manner in which he received the punishment dealt out to him by Broome. By "devil" we mean a desperate not-to-be-denied style of fighting, similar to that shown by the gallant Jack Jones of Portsmouth, in his late battle with Ned Donnelly; and we repeat it, had Orme been capable of pursuing that system, the result might have been "a horse of another color." The terrific upper cut he received in the fourth round was an awful teaser, and Orme informs us that he never recovered from its effects, and that he felt sick and ill during the remainder of the fight. Broome consequently, slowly, but surely, improved his position. Although Orme now and then got again on to the damaged ogle and ribs, Broome almost invariably met him on the eyes and mouth, gradually reducing his chance, until, in the last round, he was completely blind, and nature had deserted him. Some remarks were made on the novelty of the men retiring to their corners, and "taking a drink" during the rounds. We do not recollect ever witnessing a similar scene before; but the want of condition on the part of Broome, combined with the heat of the day, was a very good excuse for his adopting such a plan, and as it was resorted to by one there could of course be no reason why the example should not be followed by the other. The battle, from first to last, was a manly, upright struggle for pre-eminence; neither man attempted to take an unworthy advantage, and had it not been for the ridiculous appeals made by the seconds on each side, would have been a model mill in every sense of the word. Such a fight for the Championship has not been seen for very many years, and we only trust that when next the title is in dispute we may not have a worse.

An Irishman, on being asked why he had left Ireland, replied:—"Bedad! an' it was'nt for want—I had plenty of that in the ould country."

Polyglot Printing Office, 12 Frankfort-st.

NEW

VOL. I.—No. 5.

LILLY DEAR.

Lilly dear it grieves me,
The tale I have to tell;
Old massa sends me roaming,
So Lilly, fare you well.
Oh! fare you well my true love,
Farewell old Tennessee;
Then let me weep for you love,
But do not weep for me.
CHORUS.—Farewell for ever to old Tennessee;
Farewell for ever to old Tennessee;
Farewell my Lilly dear, don't weep for me
Farewell my Lilly dear, don't weep for me.

I'm going to roam the wide world,
In lands I've never hoed,
With nothing but my banjo
To cheer me on the road.
For when I'm sad and weary,
I'll make the banjo play,
To mind me of my true love,
When I am far away.
Farewell forever, &c.

I wake up in the morning,
And walk out on the farm;
Oh! Lilly am a darling—
She takes me by the arm.
We wander through the clover,
Down by the river side;
I tell her that I love her,
And she must be my bride.
Farewell forever, &c.

Oh! Lilly dear, 't is mournful
To leave you here alone;
You'll smile before I leave you,
And weep when I am gone.
The sun can never shine, love,
So bright for you and me,
As when I worked beside you,
In good old Tennessee.
Farewell forever, &c.

THE BOW AND THE AXE.

BY E. L. BULWER.

One day, as, during a short truce with the defenders of the place they were besieging, the Normans were diverting their leisure with martial games, in which Taillefer shone pre-eminent; while Harold and William stood without their tent, watching the animated field, the duke abruptly exclaimed to Mallet de Graville, "Bring me my bow. Now, Harold, let me see if thou canst bend it."

The bow was brought, and Saxon and Norman gathered round the spot.

"Fasten thy glove to yonder tree, Mallet," said the duke, taking that mighty bow in his hand, and carefully feeling the string.

Then he drew the arc to his ear; and the tree itself seemed to shake at the shock, as the shaft, piercing the glove, lodged half way in the trunk.

"Such are not our weapons," said the earl; "and ill would it become me, unpractised, so to peril our English honor, as to strive against the arm that could bend that arc and wing that arrow. But, that I may show these Norman knights that at least we have some weapon wherewith we can parry shaft and smite assailer, bring me forth, Godrith, my shield and my Danish axe."

Taking the shield and axe which the Saxon brought to him, Harold then stationed himself before the tree.

"Now, fair duke," said the earl, "choose thou the longest shaft—bid thy ten doughtiest archers take their bows; round this tree will I move, and let each shaft be aimed at whatever space in my mailless body I leave unguarded by my shield."

"No," said William, hastily; "that were murder."

"It is but the common peril of war," said Harold, simply, as he walked to the tree.

The blood mounted to William's brow, and the lion's thirst of carnage parched his throat.

"And he will have it so," said he, beckoning to his archers, "let not Normandy be shamed. Watch well, and let every shaft go home; avoid only the head and the heart; such orgulous vaunting is best cured by blood-letting."

The archers nodded and took their post, each at a separate quarter; and deadly, indeed, seemed the danger of the earl, for, as he moved, though he kept his back guarded by the tree, some parts of his form the shield left exposed, and it would have been impossible, in his quick-shifting movements, for the archers so to aim as to wound, but to spare life; yet the earl seemed to take no particular care to avoid the peril; lifting his bare head fearlessly above the shield, and including in one gaze of his steadfast eye, calmly bright even at the distance, all the shafts of the archers.

At one moment five of the arrows hissed through the air, and with such wonderful quickness had the shield turned to each, that three fell to the ground blunted against it, and two broke on its surface.

But William, waiting for the first discharge, and seeing full mark at Harold's breast as the buckler turned, now sent forth his terrible shaft. The noble Taillefer, with a poet's true sympathy, cried, "Saxon, beware!" but the watchful Saxon needed not the warning. As if in disdain, Harold met the shaft with his shield, but swinging high the mighty axe, (which with most men required both arms to wield it,) he advanced a step, and clove the rushing arrow in twain.